

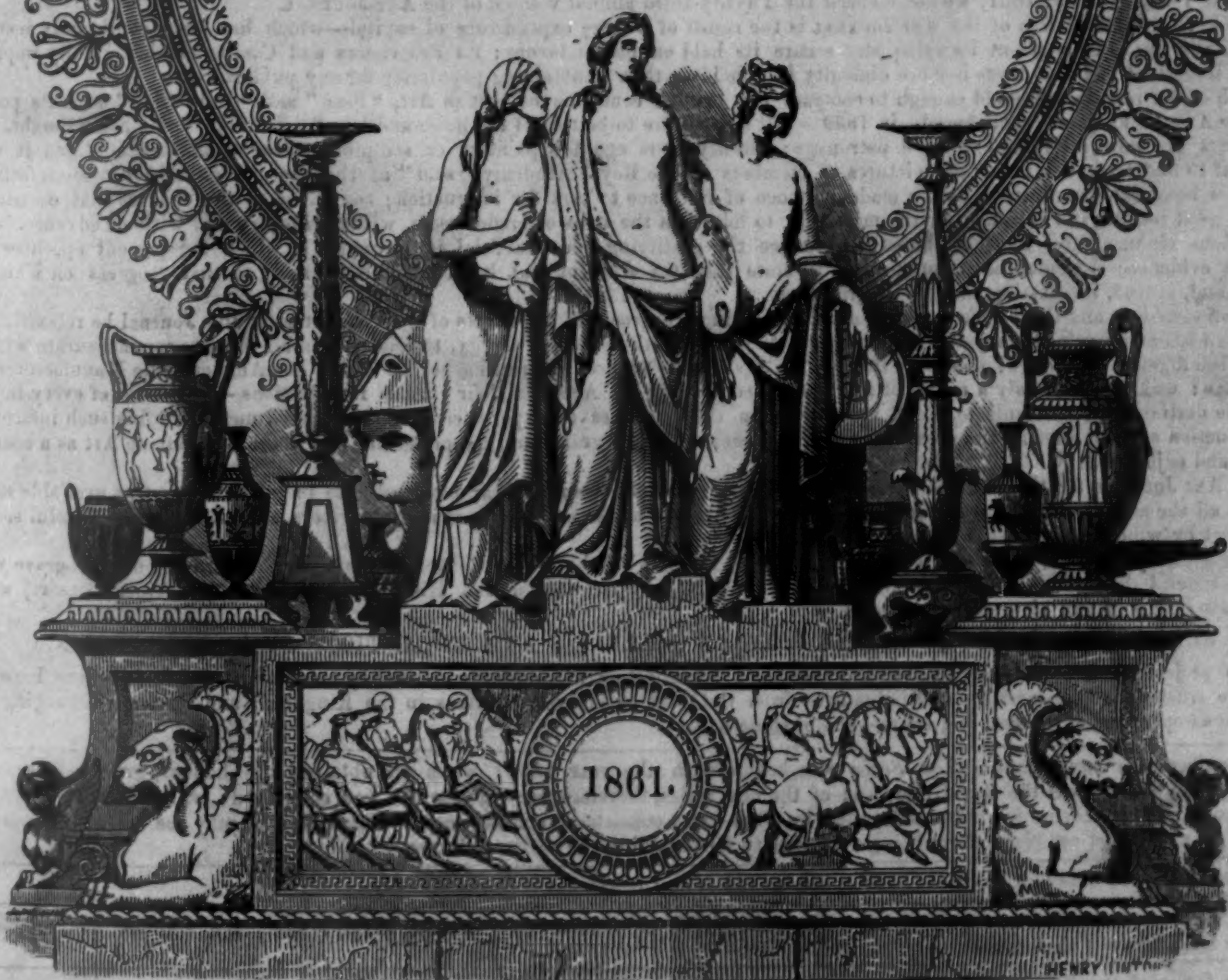
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NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

No. LXXXI.

[PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.]

SEPTEMBER.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



JAMES S. VIRTUE, 26, IVY LANE, LONDON.

NEW YORK: VIRTUE AND CO. PARIS: STASSIN AND XAVIER. LEIPZIG: F. A. BROCKHAUS.

OFFICE OF THE ART-JOURNAL, 4, LANCASTER PLACE, WATERLOO BRIDGE, STRAND, WHERE ALL COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE EDITOR MAY BE SENT.

JAMES S. VIRTUE, PRINTER, CITY ROAD, LONDON.



THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA. Engraved by H. C. SHENTON and H. BOURNE, from the Picture by GUIDO, in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.
2. PHRYNE GOING TO THE BATH AS VENUS. Engraved by J. B. ALLEN, from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., in the National Collection.
3. THE ANGELS. Engraved by R. A. ARTLETT, from the Monument by M. NOBLE.

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On the 1st of January, 1861, we commenced the Twenty-third annual volume of the ART-JOURNAL.

The extensive circulation of the ART-JOURNAL is the result of a large expenditure of capital—which has been continually increased year after year, so as to augment its value and secure its hold on public favour: its Proprietors and Conductors being fully impressed with the important fact that there is more difficulty in upholding than in obtaining popularity for any publication.

Such of our readers as are old enough to compare the present condition of British Art, "Fine" and "Industrial," with its position when the ART-JOURNAL was commenced—in 1839—will not require to be told of the large and beneficial changes time has wrought. The higher arts are now receiving extensive patronage: twenty years ago few painters or sculptors were "commissioned," and it was a rare event to find ten per cent. of the pictures of members of the Royal Academy "sold" at their annual exhibition. Manufacturers, with a few honourable exceptions, hardly made pretence of reference to Art for instruction; content with the chances that occasionally procured good results, and satisfied, for the most part, to follow in the steps of predecessors, without inquiry and without advance.

Various circumstances have combined to produce the gratifying and beneficial improvement of which the present epoch supplies abundant evidence; it cannot be presumptuous to state that the ART-JOURNAL has contributed largely to that progress on which the country, and, indeed, civilization, may be congratulated.

Our Subscribers and the Public may rest assured that in no degree will the efforts of the Conductors of this Journal be relaxed. The Editor, and his many valued coadjutors, will continue to labour, with heart and energy, to render it in all respects commensurate with the growing intelligence of the age; to supply information upon every subject interesting to the Artist, the Amateur, the Manufacturer, and the Artisan: making it not only a record of all "news" concerning the Arts and their various ramifications,—a reporter of every incident it may be desirable to communicate,—but, by drawing on the resources of experienced and enlightened men, affording such information and instruction as may advance the great cause of Art—teaching, while gratifying, its professors and those who pursue Art as a source of pleasure and enjoyment.

The ART-JOURNAL for the year 1861 has, therefore, been commenced with an earnest resolve to improve it by every available means, and with all the advantages that result from long experience of the wants and wishes of its Subscribers, as well as with a grateful sense of the support by which it has obtained the high position it occupies.

During the year 1861, the series of Engravings from Pictures in the Royal Collections (and for the permission to engrave which we are so much indebted to the gracious munificence of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort) will be brought to a close, and will be succeeded by a series of

SELECTED PICTURES FROM THE PRIVATE GALLERIES AND COLLECTIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

This project has been liberally and considerably aided by collectors, and cordially assisted by many artists. Our selections have been made—we trust and believe with sound judgment—from the most extensive collections in the Kingdom; and we are so arranging as to obtain the co-operation of the best engravers—and of those only.

Subscribers are aware that a *New Series* was begun with the year 1855; when we obtained the honour, graciously accorded, of issuing Engravings from the Royal Pictures; of the new series, therefore, six volumes are now completed: while the series containing the Vernon Gallery—begun in 1849 and ended in 1854—also consists of six volumes. Either series may be obtained separately, and may be considered complete, there being no necessity for obtaining the earlier volumes.

Covers for the Volumes of the ART-JOURNAL can be had of any Bookseller at Three Shillings each.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded to 26, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

All Orders for Advertisements should be sent to J. S. VIRTUE, 294, City Road; 26, Ivy Lane, City; or to 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1861.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.



No place possesses greater interest for the mind of the philosophic inquirer than the Valley of the Nile. Hemmed in by the arid mountains which confine it on one side from the Arabian, and on the other from the African, desert, watered by a river whose marvellous natural phenomena gave it a sacred character to the men of antiquity—it was here the arts of civilization developed themselves at so early an era, that we are sometimes compelled to allow priority of invention to them, when we had imagined that many of our discoveries belonged exclusively to a modern era. Our knowledge of the high state of Art and luxury in this favoured region three thousand years ago is obtained not merely from the statements of the most ancient writers, sacred and profane, but from an examination of the monuments left by the people who enjoyed it; and not the least extraordinary feature in these ancient works is the exquisite beauty they frequently possess—a beauty that decreases only as they approach comparatively modern times. Thus the sculptures of the era of Moses are far finer, more truthful, delicate, and beautiful, than those of the reign of the Ptolemies, and these are more so than what were produced under Roman rule.

It is fortunate for us that this ancient people delighted to record in pictured form "the story of their life from year to year," and thus to give us, what we could obtain by no other means—a perfect notion of their manners and customs. The valuable history of Herodotus sinks into comparative insignificance before this complete revelation of the Arts, public and private, of this grand old nation. Their temples, tombs, and palaces thus serve a double purpose: they are illustrated volumes descriptive of long-past ages. There we behold their mystic gods, or see (enthralled by the strange fascination of the study) the wild and wondrous imaginings that crowd the walls, and endeavour to portray the deep mystery of man's life here and hereafter. The great events that made Egypt glorious also find a pictured record on these walls: we see their kings sally forth to war; we view the armed phalanx; we see the carnage of the battle; we look upon the heaps of slain; and then we see the king again return victorious, captives of all countries are brought before him, the slain are recounted by the scribes, and heaps of dismembered hands are piled from the defunct bodies of his enemies before his throne. We

may then study him in his retirement, playing draughts with his queen, or hunting with his trained panthers in chariots of oriental magnificence, or fishing in his lakes, or sailing in his decorated barge on the ever-loved river which his people deify. Thus much is done for the history of the land and its rulers; but even more has been done for its people, inasmuch as the tombs present a series of representations of the occupations of every-day life, so vivid, truthful, and various, that from them we have a clearer insight of what the scenes were that constantly met the eye in this favoured land, even before Moses knew it, and are the better able to deduce from them the habits, manners, and civilization of the people than those of our own countrymen in the comparatively recent days of the Saxon heptarchy, or, perhaps, even during the middle ages, from what they have left to us.

It would obviously be a work of supererogation to say aught more by way of enforcing attention to these ancient monuments. When nations (with the exception of rich England) have opened their exchequers freely to savans and artists who would devote themselves to the task of their due description and delineation; when such noble volumes as Napoleon produced, and as have been produced by the Prussian and Tuscan governments, under the guidance of such men as Champollion, Rosellini, and Lepsius; or when in our own country private enterprise can bring forth artistic tomes like Roberts's "Egypt," and Wilkinson's charming volumes on the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians,"—it may seem absurd to plead now for the proper and respectful protection of the monuments which have done such good and generally-acknowledged service to history.

But, unfortunately, the frightful contradiction exists—the mischief is done, and is being continued. Tombs open in the Roman era, and uninjured until this boasted "march of intellect" age, now call for protection from educated Vandals who visit them. We blame the ignorant Arab whose poverty induces him to break away a fragment for sale to the European curiosity-hunter, ever anxious to obtain what he may not fully understand; or we direct a righteous scorn toward the Turk who would deface the figures his religious belief induces him to conceive to be wicked productions; but with the complacency of a self-proclaimed superiority, Europeans have done the most fatal mischief of all, and this within the last five-and-twenty years. The monuments of Egypt have been most miraculously preserved, to be wantonly injured or destroyed in the nineteenth century, not so much by the ignorant and the unlearned as by "scholars and gentlemen."

The most interesting antiquities which first invite the attention of the visitor, after the Pyramids, are the tombs in the rocks at Beni Hassan; their walls are covered with paintings representing scenes in the domestic life of the Egyptians at the remote era of 1777 years B.C.—before the period when Joseph visited the land. It is from them that Rosellini and Wilkinson obtained their most curious illustrations. The subjects are generally arranged in six rows on the walls, and depict all kinds of occupations, games, and amusements; they are painted on a slight coating of stucco which covers the rocky surface; the figures are sketched in a broad outline, and have occasionally flat tints of colour on them. They are more fragmentary and faded than a person who knows them only through the engravings copied from them would expect to find. In some of the tombs the paintings are almost entirely obliterated; fortunately the most valuable are the best preserved. When their profound age is considered (3,638 years A.D. 1861),

we may be most surprised at finding such fragile art as stucco-painting, which a wet cloth might remove, preserved at all. They will not last much longer, unless the moderns give up their taste for destruction. It will scarcely be credited that these valuable and world-renowned works are most wantonly injured by scratching and scraping where they are within reach; the state of the wall and its pictures on the upper part shows the extent of the injury. Names and dates of offensive size are scribbled and cut on the walls, or marked on the ceilings in smoke, amid such wretched platitudes as "Minnie dear!" The columns, interesting for their architectural peculiarities, have been roughly broken away and destroyed! No "ignorant" Arab or Turk has done this; the names of "enlightened" Europeans alone appear.

Since Wilkinson noted the remains on the river, and even since the publication of his handbook in 1858, several of the antiquities he mentions have been destroyed or injured. The Turks are to be blamed for much; they, like the Romans of the middle ages, could not resist the temptation of using the ready-hewn materials of old buildings in the construction of new. As the Coliseum re-appeared in the Barberini palace, the temples of the old Egyptian faith served the viler uses of modern wants. Thus, at Shekh-Fodl, above Abou-Girgeh, there stood two small temples, which have been completely destroyed within the last ten years, to construct with their stones a sugar manufactory at Minieh. Beyond Serapeh were two painted grottoes of the early time of Pthahmen, the son of Rameses the Great (B.C. 1245-1237), which Wilkinson speaks of as of much interest: one was utterly destroyed by the Turks after he had inspected them; the other he succeeded in saving, but only after the portico had been entirely ruined. He also notes the existence, some years since, of very interesting sculptures at Kom-Ahmar, near Metahara, and that "they have been broken up by the Turks for lime." At Antinoë in 1822, the same author saw many interesting vestiges of the old Roman city built by Hadrian to the memory of his favourite Antinous; "towards the end of the same year," he adds, "these interesting relics had disappeared; every calcareous block had been burnt for lime, or had been taken away to build a bridge at Reramoön. Had they been of granite or hard stone, they might have escaped this Vandalism of the Turks; but they were unfortunately of the numulite stone of the African hills; and a similar fate has befallen nearly all the limestone monuments of Egypt."

Science owes a debt of gratitude to such men as Wilkinson; and all travellers who carry his handbook cannot fail to feel it daily. Few can appreciate without a personal trial, the difficulty attendant on such labours, in a climate like that of Egypt. To travel painfully over dry and dusty roads, to toil in the sun up rugged mountain sides, sometimes with little reward for the labour; and always with the certainty of great bodily and mental fatigue, is a task few would have the wish to set themselves, and fewer still the perseverance to carry out. There is a quiet heroism in this, also, deserving the victor's wreath.

Arrived at Thebes, so vast an assemblage of ruins await the inspection of the traveller, that a bewildering sense of quantity and confusion is the first thing he feels; and it is not until he has time for a little reflection, and the experience of reducing all into a proper order, that he can comprehend what he has come so far to see. Karnac, the most wonderful assemblage of ruins, perhaps, at present existing, is so broken up into vast masses of ruin, its various halls and courts are so mixed up and confused in the debris, that it is long before it resolves itself



into anything like its pristine form. There we begin for the first time to see a work of great utility begun, and still continuing, under the auspices of the Egyptian government: it is the clearing of these ruins of the vast accumulations of earth and sand which has half buried them for ages. What the labour has been may be guessed from the mounds of earth, that look like railway embankments, as they stretch from the propylon of the temple towards the river. All this encumbered the ruins, but principally buried the vast court-yard in front of the great hall. These excavations were only concluded last year; the Pasha had intended to hold a fete in this court, on his way to Esné, and amuse himself by witnessing the games with horse and spear for which the Arabs are so famed; but he did not stay, for some of the capricious reasons which guide the erratic course of Eastern potentates. Still the good was done, and the ruins cleared. It was, however, done in the usual tyrannic style. An impressment of the peasantry of the surrounding villages was made, and the forced labour of one thousand hands thus secured. The order was a sudden one, and the work had to be undertaken and completed as quickly: the people worked continuously, and in eighteen days the work of clearance was completed. The poor people are not paid, or even fed; nor are they provided with proper working tools; they bring with them a rush basket, and sometimes the pick with which they labour in the fields; with the latter they pull down the earth into the baskets, which they raise to their shoulders and so carry off; but many have no pick, and then they are compelled to scratch the earth into their baskets with their fingers, under the surveillance of government officials, who lie and smoke all day, looking on the labourer, and occasionally applying the *courbash*, a whip of hippopotamus hide, to his shoulders if he flags at his work. No such thing as a spade or barrow aids them in conveying their weary burdens, nor have they a plank to aid their ascent of the dusty mounds which they increase as they toil on. A bit of coarse bread, sometimes boiled with a few lentils, is their food, plain water their drink; at night they wrap themselves in their rags, and make the earth their bed.

The mischief done to Karnac was chiefly done by the vindictive Cambyses, as well as by after sieges and earthquakes; but the defacement of the fine historic sculptures is the work of the more modern Turks, who dislike representations of the human form; hence their bullets have battered the faces of men and gods, until they have too frequently become almost an indistinguishable mass of shot holes. This is the more to be regretted, as they are among the finest examples of the best era of Egyptian Art—the reign of Rameses the Second (B.C. 1311-1245). Nothing can exceed the delicacy and beauty of execution which characterise these early works; and the historic scenes on the outer walls of the great hall are unrivalled in interest as representations of the "panoply of war," and all its most minute incidents, at this era. It is much to be regretted that M. Mariette, the present superintendent of the Pasha's museum and works, should have committed the grievous error of obscuring a larger part of the most interesting of these sculptures. The earth excavated in the vicinity has been piled against the wall here in a manner perfectly inexcusable; there is waste ground enough opposite these very walls. Surely Egypt is very unfortunate in never obtaining a scholar who can reverently preserve her wondrous monuments! I spoke warmly on the beauty and interest of these old historic sculptures to the intelligent old man who was my guide; "they are continued there," said he, pointing to the rubbish-laden wall beyond, "but I can

see them no more!" he added, in tones as regretful as any true antiquary would utter at this careless and wanton proceeding.

The recent excavations have brought to light some new chambers; exhumed walls with Osiride columns; revealed avenues of sphinxes, which formed the approach to the temple from various quarters; and will, if properly conducted, aid us to a clearer comprehension of this, the greatest national edifice of the old world. But it behoves M. Mariette to be careful in his labours; if we are only to obtain one thing by the obliteration of another, he may do more harm than good, inasmuch as his discoveries may not equal our losses; and we would even now recommend him to employ his labourers to remove the rubbish thrown against the finest and most interesting portions of the building.

The dismal valley which leads to the tombs of the kings on the opposite side of the river, is almost unbearable in sultry weather. The sun strikes down like a burning glass between the limestone rocks, and the heated flint and sands over which you travel makes the entire journey more unpleasant than the desert itself. But the tombs, when once they are reached, amply repay the trouble taken. Such wondrous resting-places for the dead exist nowhere else. Many have been open from the time of the Ptolemies, and it is most curious to trace upon the walls the inscriptions of visitors of that early era. It shows that the indulgence of the practice is by no means a modern taste; but the ancients had not the peurile love of mere record of personal visits by the inscription of a name; they had something to say with regard to the place, and they wrote it where it was never offensive, either in obliterating or disfiguring the sculptured or painted walls. They expressed their satisfaction by *ex vota* and inscriptions of various lengths, and it is not without a peculiar interest we look on the name of the Athenian Daduehus, of the Eleusinian mysteries, who visited Thebes in the reign of Constantine, and who dates his visit—"a long time after the divine Plato." The modern records are by no means so gratifying, and we see disgusting traces of mischief and Vandalism in the whole series of tombs, all the work of the present century. The scrawling of hideous names in the most conspicuous places is the least repulsive feature; many of the cartouches, once containing names, have been entirely obliterated, and the mischief is referred to one European scholar, who has been desirous that his theory of dates should not suffer by a reference to these authorities. In other instances visitors have endeavoured to remove portions of the sculpture: a deep, coarse trench has been chipped all around the edge of a figure, or perhaps round its head only, to the destruction of the larger part of the figure, and the hieroglyphics above it; and then, when the mischief has been effected, it has been found impossible to slice away from the main wall the coveted fragment. Many of the most interesting and beautiful sculptures have been thus wantonly destroyed, and the pleasure of visiting these wondrous old tombs is half destroyed by the pain given to every right-thinking mind, in such cruel and wanton mischief. In the tomb named after the vilified traveller Bruce, the renowned figures of the harpers have been wantonly damaged at a comparatively recent period. The writer was particularly anxious to ascertain whether "one, if not both, of the minstrels is blind," as Wilkinson states, and which he always doubted. They are not so depicted by Rosellini, and it seems too much in accordance with modern association of ideas; but it must be now taken on trust according to the authority most favoured, as the features of the face of each figure are entirely obliterated, and the lower part of one harp; on the other harp (that which is surmounted by a crowned head) a silly Frenchman has inscribed his name, and written

on the sounding-board the trite sentiment that "la musique" embellishes life, and dissipates *ennui*, and thus one of the most curious paintings in existence has been disfigured and ruined. In Belzoni's tomb, still worse mischief has been done. The beauty of its workmanship has been "a fatal beauty" here also, and the hand of the spoiler has fallen heavily upon it. The square columns that support its roof have been literally chipped to pieces, and a rude irregular core only remains where sculptures and painting of unrivalled beauty once existed. If the rough hand of mischief had been directed by the slightest judgment,—if the faces had been sawn in slabs from the substance, and so carried to European museums, some excuse might be framed; but this surely is too bad, an inexcusable and wicked piece of wanton mischief. It is much to be regretted that this and other acts of the kind should be publicly and openly attributed to Dr. Lepsius. It was at his orders that one of the two beautiful pillars supporting the roof of the small sepulchral chamber leading from the great hall of this tomb was roughly broken down, the lower portion smashed to fragments, the upper at last falling, and, when down, having been found to be too large for removal through the door, left in hideous ruin on the floor. The reckless stupidity of this proceeding is equal in reality to Goldsmith's invented absurdity of the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, too large to pass through any door of his house.

If Dr. Lepsius's name had been mentioned less frequently in Egypt in connection with serious mischief, a charitable disbelief might attach to the report of his doings. But it is impossible to indulge a doubt on this point. To the north of the Ramesseum, beside some mud huts, is one of the finest and earliest tombs, belonging to members of the family of Amunoph the Third, and abounding with coloured sculptures of the finest and most delicate kind. Here the same wilful mutilation occurs that we have seen in Belzoni's tomb; it is not abstraction, but destruction. The walls are splintered in fragments in the vain endeavour to carry away a part of their decoration, and a feeling of angry disgust is the only one that fills the mind of the spectator.

It is pleasant to turn to a more cheering theme—the protection of the monuments by the Egyptian government, and the exhumation of one of the finest. The Pasha does not now permit foreigners to do as they please in damaging buildings or carrying off fragments; and he has been steadily employed in clearing others from the rubbish which for ages has concealed them. This has been done with eminent success at Edfou. The representations of this fine temple by Roberts, Bartlett, and other artists, are now to be referred to as curious pictures of what it used to be, when buried nearly to the roof by the sands which had drifted over it for centuries. Wilkinson says, "The whole of the interior is so much concealed by the houses of the inhabitants that a very small part of it is accessible, through a narrow aperture, and can only be examined with the assistance of a light; and this is more to be regretted as the people are most troublesome." Bartlett says, "The interior is almost filled up with rubbish, and, imperfectly seen, as it needs must be, hardly repays the trouble of groping through heaps of dust and filth." Now, all this has been removed, and the result is the uncovering of one of the most perfect and beautiful temples in Egypt. It has been entirely freed, from interior to roof, of all obstructions, and the Arab huts that once covered its roof removed. The effect is magical, and the building only seems to want its priests and sacred utensils to realize its glories as seen in Egypt's palmy days. The grand propylon, with its gigantic figures of gods, admits the visitor to an open court, surrounded by a pillared cloister

from which small side chapels are entered. Crossing the court, a vast hall, supported by varied and massive columns, covered with hieroglyphics, and richly painted in tints still fresh, forms a grand hall of assembly, from whence the smaller chapels—the most sacred of all—are entered. In the central one, the original sanctuary, or shrine, of the god still exists: it is formed from one immense block of red granite, with a pyramidal top, and is covered with sculpture in relief. It is unique among Egyptian relics, and of singular interest. All these sanctuaries or chapels are very perfect, the stairs leading up to them, the sockets in which the hinges of their heavy doors turned, and numerous minor "points" of interest are here to be seen in perfection. The exterior walls have also been trenched round, and are quite covered with sculpture. The whole thing is so wondrously perfect, that it is not too much to say it is more complete in its pristine integrity than any of our cathedrals. This good work has only been effected during the last year, the clearance of the exterior is even now going on; and a most curious sight it is for the stranger, to look down into the pit of sand and dust in front of the temple, and see the crowd of diggers and labourers removing the *débris*; all gesticulating and screaming, elbowing each other, or fighting their way up with their baskets of dirt, amid camels and donkeys also employed in carriage, and all half-concealed in an atmosphere thick with choking dust or fine sand.

The great drawback to the pleasure of the visitor here is the persevering annoyance of begging. The whole village turns out upon the traveller, and pesters him with eternal cries for "backsheesh," or a gift of money to them. This word, the first the visitor to Egypt hears, is the last he is likely to hear on leaving the country; from all people, and of all grades, the odious word is continually dinning in his ears; and he is perseveringly followed by crowds of ragged, filthy, and diseased people, all clamoring for "backsheesh," which it is simply impossible to give in quantity sufficient to satisfy the demand; and sometimes the demand becomes so pressing, and assumes so much the character of a threat, that it is alarming to many. But fortunately the government protects so strictly the European traveller, and punishes so severely the slightest outrage committed on him, that they dare not attempt what they seem eager to effect—personal robbery; while their fear of constituted authority is so great that if the traveller shows determination, and clears a way for himself by the aid of a good stick, he may get that freedom from annoyance nothing else will ensure him; for even the gift of money will only bring forth fresh and eager applicants, the filth of whose persons causes them to be most unpleasant neighbours.

The temple in the nearest great town to this—Esné, might also repay the trouble of excavation; at present the portico only has been cleared, and that very recently. It stands, unfortunately, in the midst of the town, and the ground has risen all round it, to a level with the capitals of its columns. You consequently descend as into a vault to this cleared portico; the rest is buried entirely, and the houses of the town built over it.

The rock-cut Temples of Silsilis are the most remarkable objects which greet the traveller in his upward course to Assouan. They are marvellous for their freshness and their great antiquity. Nothing can prove the dryness of the Egyptian climate better than the state of these little temples; the wall-paintings, though merely in water-colours, and hanging over the river, are still bright and perfect after two thousand years; time has written no "defeatures" on their surface—it is man alone who has injured them.

Arrived at Assouan, on the border of Egypt and Nubia, we may sympathize with the fate of Juvenal, banished as a punishment for his satire on the Romans to this, the extreme limit of their civilization. The country here totally alters its aspect, and the immense boulders of black granite which crowd the river, and line its banks, give a gloomy and fantastic air to the scene. Opposite is the Isle of Elephantine, once, and that not long since, abounding with relics of the temples which graced it in the olden days, and the ancient Nilometer, the earliest constructed on the river. Now, all is a mass of ruin, not worth the trouble of a visit. Wilkinson says, "The whole was destroyed in 1823, by Mohammed Bey, the Pasha's kehia, to build a pitiful palace at Assouan."

The ruins in the Island of Philæ, which generally terminates the traveller's tour, are of interest from the sacred character always attached to the place; but they have been doomed to disfigurement from an early era. The great hall was at one time converted by the early Christians into a church; and crosses are deeply cut into the pillars, and a rudely-sculptured niche on the eastern wall. The *favore* of inscription and name painting and carving has run riot over the whole of the ruins here to a rabid extent we see nowhere else. Myriads of names crowd the walls, not modestly placed where they might not be very objectionable, but staringly opposing you in letters many inches high, where they destroy the effect of the building. This is particularly the case in the beautiful little temple known as Pharaoh's bed. One misguided Scotchman has painted his name and address across the portico in black letters of portentous size; how he managed to get there to do it is the puzzle, and the risk to his neck must have been great. Perhaps an accident of the kind might have its wholesome use. Another Scotsman, one B. Mure, has deeply cut his worthless name in large letters upon one of the columns of the great hall, to which some one has very properly cut a few more and braced them below it, as a comment—these words are "stultus est," and their double meaning has been richly earned. The inscriptions recording the visit of the investigators sent out by Pope Gregory XVI., and those connected with the French expedition, are too visible also: the amusing vanity of painting up in one place the latitude and longitude of Paris, is peculiarly indicative of a nation that esteems its capital as the only centre of civilization in the world. A squared panel in one of the doorways records the visit of the French General Desaix and his myrmidons, and above it some one has painted the words "Une page d'histoire ne doit pas être salie."

Such, then, is the present condition of the chief monuments of this ancient land. It is as much in sorrow as in anger that these remarks on the ruthlessness of travellers have been penned. Let our sorrow be sacred to the traveller whom learned curiosity or a desire for novel scenes has induced to visit them; let our anger be reserved for the educated and the learned, who have done the most wanton and wicked part of the mischief. No language can be too strong in condemnation of those who should have manfully protected the monuments which have given them a celebrity by the chance of their exposition. The ingratitude of the wicked act is doubled by such men; and if nothing else aids the due preservation of the antiquities which have done so much for science, and aided in proving the truth of our most sacred Scriptures, let the indignant remonstrance of the European press stay the hand of the spoiler, or denounce the man, however distinguished by scholarship, who would deface these sacred bequests of a long past era.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

ART IN PARLIAMENT.

DURING the late discussions on the supplies, there has been some pleasurable excitement in the House of Commons. With the most earnest professions of self-sacrificing patriotism, several members have insisted on a pledge that no insidious steps would be taken by the Government in the commencement of any buildings for Art-purposes, to complete which parliament would hereafter be applied to for money, because having been commenced they must be finished. Others insisted on a distinct reply as to when the Royal Academy would vacate the rooms they now hold; to which it was answered that the Academy was ready to depart on the shortest notice; which was followed by the rejoinder, "Why don't they, then?" Mr. Augustus Smith said it was monstrous to provide accommodation for the Royal Academy—they wanted it only three months in the year. It is clearly Mr. Smith's opinion that the Academy would save the nation expense, and economise their own funds, by hiring some rooms in any convenient locality during the three months' term of the exhibition. It is easier to be facetious on questions of taste than on the cotton question, on British Caffraria, or iron ships; and so that their observations be received with a laugh certain members are content. Mr. Spooner, as usual, spoke decidedly on the grant for the National Portrait Gallery: "he protested against the continuance of such tomfoolery." The collection was of no earthly use, and of very questionable morality, since the portraits of persons of infamous reputation were received into it. The portrait of Nell Gwynne was instanced, and Mr. Augustus Smith proposed, as the fittest place for that picture, the members' tea-room (laughter); and Mr. Ker said that a more miserable set of portraits could not be produced than those in Great George Street—they were totally unworthy of the collection. All this is sufficiently amusing, but there was something startling in the assertion of Lord H. Lennox, that "there was a great number of drawings of which some were so prurient that they could not be exhibited, and others were so unfinished that their exhibition would rather detract from than add to the fame of Mr. Turner." We know all about the unfinished sketches, but this is the first time we hear of anything "prurient" in Turner's works, and for his own sake Lord Lennox should have been more explicit. On the subject of the frescoes Mr. B. Osborne was very lively; he had an explanation to offer of certain observations he had made in reference to these works; he said that in Watts's fresco "the leg of the Red Cross Knight was partly fallen off (a laugh), and that the arm of the lady he was defending had altogether vanished from the public gaze (a laugh). But though the face of Cordelia (in Herbert's fresco) was in good condition, the nose of Regan was in rapid decay, and would probably fall off before the recess was over (laughter)."

To all but the speakers, and save on party questions, a debate is always a heavy piece of business, therefore *desipere in loco* seems to be the motto of a certain class of honourable members, and they have made the most of the opportunity afforded them in voting supplies for Fine Art. The subject has afforded them more of what they do not hesitate to call "fun," than any other that has been brought to their notice during the entire session.

In reverting to these pleasant discussions our object is not so much to rehearse what has been said, as to extract from them what has been done; and we cannot help once more observing how little knowledge and cultivation

the ordinary class of members bring to bear on matters of taste. The votes for the frescoes, and the National Gallery, and the portraits, are an agreeable farce that keeps the House in a roar of laughter.

On the vote of £12,134 for the National Gallery, Lord H. Lennox criticised the new sculpture-room of the Academy, and his observations convey an impression that he would have had the sculpture-room on a level with the upper rooms. To arrive at the sculpture visitors had first to mount a flight of steps, by which they arrived at the basement, or floor, and this they had no sooner reached than they were invited to descend again, "imitating very closely the action of a squirrel in his cage." In determining the pitch of the floor, of course reference was had to the weights it would have to bear, and also to the facility of depositing safely large pieces of sculpture. The late sculpture-room, small as it was, has contained more heavy, and heavier (literally), masses of sculpture than any other sculpture-room in Europe; and if Lord Lennox knew anything of the solidity required to support such masses, and the extreme care necessary in placing them, he would not find fault with the architect for what he has done with the means at his disposal; but Lord Lennox advocates Captain Fowke's design, and that explains his objections. He proceeds to say that the expense of establishing a communication between the existing National Gallery and the other part of the building, would more than exceed the original estimate proposed by Captain Fowke. Lord Lennox, then, does not know that this communication is already established; at the end of the Italian room there is a doorway which at any time can be opened without expense. Among other plans for finally disposing of the National Gallery question, it was proposed to build another story to the British Museum. This, we believe, was originally Sir Charles Barry's idea, and would have left the Royal Academy in possession in Trafalgar Square; but the Museum has already outgrown the space allotted to it, and the National Gallery is too important to be engrafted on another institution. Mr. Coningham complained of the public collections being "scattered all over the town." Such complaints are of no avail, everybody is striving to have them focussed as soon as possible. Observations were also made about the utility of collecting pictures before we had space to hang them. Such remarks are utterly puerile; valuable works cannot be purchased at will, they can only be procured as they offer in the market. There is only one European gallery collection of portraits that we know of, and that is in Florence; but it consists only of portraits of artists. It is a collection of great value, and is of course regarded with extraordinary interest by all visitors. Our portrait gallery will be profoundly interesting to all classes of the public, and right glad are we to see it so frequently increased by pictures of eminent persons. Mr. Coningham suggests that for the National Gallery, with the portraits and the Turner collection, there will be space enough when the Academy removes; but that is simply impossible.

Mr. Osborne characterised the frescoes as "disgusting exhibitions." They cost £600 each, and the only good the country would be likely to get for the money was, that in five years they were all likely to fall off the walls. Who were the designers? Who had commanded them? That house had nothing to do with them, but only the fifteen gentlemen (the Fine Arts Commission) who met to spend the public money, but not to the public satisfaction. Mr. Osborne, and with him many other members, appear only to have lately awakened to the fact of the existence of these

unfortunate frescoes. It is true that the general quality of the Art is mediocre, but "disgusting" is an epithet we have not yet heard applied to them. We should much like to hear Mr. Osborne, in front of them, point out the passages he considers disgusting. There is one of them (a meagre proportion) that is not surpassed by any modern fresco in Europe, and equalled by very few, we mean 'The Disinheritance of Cordelia.' From the time of their execution we spoke of them as experimental. The experiment has failed, and long ago we have declared the necessity of their being effaced. Fresco painting is not a difficult process; on the contrary, with some experience, the practice is very fascinating. The artists who were charged to execute these works were embarrassed by the technicalities of the manner in which they were to work, inasmuch that the matter they proposed to set forth was insufficiently prepared. It was hoped, when the decorations of the Houses of Parliament were determined on, that they would serve as a great stimulus to high Art, but they are of non-effect as examples; the most wealthy of our noblemen who require fresco, or tempera, or oil painting decorations, employ foreign artists. Even the city has been so grossly unpatriotic as again to give up the Royal Exchange once more to Mr. Sang and his *hellgrün* and *hellblau* oxides. The botanical curiosities, masks, and nymphs with vegetable tails, have disappeared, and that they ever were there it is no justification to quote Giulio Romano, Penni, and others of Raffaele's school, and point to them here and there in the Vatican. What may do for the Vatican, or the Pitti, or the Königsbau at Munich, is not fitted for the Royal Exchange in London.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said last session he did not hesitate to acknowledge that the decorations of the Houses of Parliament had been "enormously and ludicrously overdone." If they have been already "ludicrously overdone," in what terms will the Chancellor describe them should ever the original proposition of the commissioners be realized—that is, the statues of the line of British sovereigns from Egbert to William IV.? The Chancellor would not live to see it, but he could express in anticipation his feeling by some "special" adverb. But it is not intended to go so deeply into historical sculpture; there will be twelve statues in the Royal Gallery, and then a certain number in two others respectively. In St. Stephen's Hall the sculptures are those of men who have distinguished themselves in the House of Commons, and it was suggested that in the Royal Gallery, and other parts of the building through which the Queen passed, there should be statues of the sovereigns to illustrate the history of the country. In the course of these debates Mr. B. Osborne proposed the disallowance of the money voted, for the Fine Arts Commission, and avowed his intention, if he could succeed, of suppressing the commission entirely. He reprobated the "profligate expenditure" occasioned by the commission, and denied that any measure of good had been effected under its direction. Mr. Osborne's proposal was outvoted, but only by a small majority; the result, however, shows the feeling on the subject, and if the commission can act independently, they must feel that they ought to resign, because a majority of only twenty-six is all but a promise that next session Mr. Osborne's motion will be carried. There is much carping at the decorative works, but it comes principally from persons who are not qualified to pronounce an opinion upon the merits of any production of Art: they know that £60,000 as a sum is a great fact, yet they cannot recognise it in statues and mural paintings.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

Guido, Painter. H. C. Shenton and H. Bourne, Engravers. Size of the picture, 3 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

In his history of Italian painting Kugler says— "In the latter part of his life Guido often painted with careless haste; he had given himself up to play, and sought to retrieve his immense losses by raising money as rapidly and as easily as he could. At this time chiefly were painted the numerous Madonnas, Cleopatras, Sibyls, &c., which are to be found in every gallery." Of this number is the picture here engraved, which, except for "the pretty worm of Nilus there," might serve for the face and bust of any female just as well as for those of the "rare Egyptian," whose charms enslaved the Roman; but the picture is an excellent specimen of Guido's ideal portraiture, clear and silvery in tone, and of expressive character. Strange executed a fine engraving from it, which bears the date of 1753, when the painting was in the possession of the Princess of Wales, mother of George III.

Shakespeare makes Cleopatra call the asp a "pretty worm." Barry Cornwall, in the following very beautiful lines, refers to its venomous quality:—

"A noxious worm
Fell on those blue and wandering veins that laced
Her rising bosom; ay, did sleep upon
The pillow of Antony, and left behind
In dark requital for his banquet, death."

In the closing scene of her life, as Shakespeare recorded it, Cleopatra addresses the reptile thus:—

"Come, mortal wretch,
With thy sharp tooth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch."

It is not very easy to determine the exact specimen of the serpent tribe which is said to have been the instrument of the death of the Queen of Egypt. Assuming that Shakespeare had some warranty for having it brought to her in a basket of flowers, its size must have been small, but the modern Arabs and some naturalists give the name of asp to an animal whose length varies from three to five feet; the former call it *El Haje*. It is closely allied to the *cobra capello*, or speckled snake of India; and its poison is of the most deadly nature, a very few hours sufficing to terminate the life of any one who has been bitten. But as the asp is often mentioned both by Greek and Roman writers, and so many discrepancies are observable in their respective descriptions, it is more than probable that two or three different species were known to the ancients under one common name. Pliny's description varies but little from the *El Haje* of Arabia, and M. Geoffroy Saint-Helaire classes the latter with the ancient asp.

The reptile introduced by Guido into his picture, and which, in point of size, would seem to be in accordance with that referred to by our great dramatist, appears to agree most with the *Coleuber baccatus*, described by Forskal. It is about a foot in length, and two inches in circumference; its bite is incurable, except by the immediate excision of the wounded part. Immediately after death, the whole body of the deceased person becomes of a blackish colour, and mortification, as if from gangrene, speedily follows. If we recollect the character historians have given to Cleopatra, how much she prided herself on her personal beauty, it seems singular she should have chosen to make her exit from the world by an instrumentality that would leave her lifeless body a mass of corruption, from which every one would turn away in disgust.

We have dwelt more upon the manner of Cleopatra's death, than upon Guido's representation of it, because the picture scarcely calls for any lengthened remarks. Perhaps, with the exception of Raffaele, no one of the old masters invested female heads with so much beauty and tenderness, especially youthful heads. "Here, in the opinion of Mengs, he surpassed all others; and, according to Passeri's expression, he drew faces of Paradise." And, in truth, this artist aimed less at copying beautiful countenances than at forming for himself a certain general and abstract idea of beauty, as we know was done by the Greeks, and this he modulated and animated in his own style.

'The Death of Cleopatra' is in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.



GUIDO. PINXIT

H.C. SHENTON. FINISHED BY H. BOURNE.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE.



VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 17.—THE SILK-DAMASK MANUFACTURE, AND EMBROIDERING MACHINERY OF THE MESSRS. HOULDSWORTH, MANCHESTER.

We have not, hitherto, devoted an article to SILK, although its manufacture is a very important one in this country, and draws largely upon the resources of Art in design, with which we have more especially to deal. It is therefore our purpose—as introductory to the special description which is to form the subject of this paper—to give some brief account of the progress in Europe of this interesting branch of textile manufacture.

In the sixth century the production of silk was unknown in Europe. Two missionary monks, returning from India to Constantinople, brought some eggs of the silkworm with them, and were encouraged by the Emperor Justinian to breed the worm and cultivate its cocoons. They did this with great success; and, in consequence, within a few years, silk was woven in Athens, in Thebes, and in Corinth. Mulberry gardens were planted for the nurture of the silkworm, and establishments sprang up, for unwinding the cocoons, for twisting the filaments into stronger threads, and for weaving of these into materials for the robes of the Imperial families and the wealthier of the citizens.

The Venetians, before the introduction of the silk manufacture into Italy, engrossed the commerce in this substance. They, having intimate commercial relations with the Greek empire, opened up the trade in silk, and it was by supplying Western Europe with this new luxury that much of the wealth of the merchant princes of Venice was obtained. A silk manufactory was established at Palermo, and another in Calabria, by Roger II., King of Sicily, about the year 1130. This prince had seized and carried off as prisoners of war during his expedition to the Holy Land, a considerable number of weavers and others, to the care of whom he committed the new establishments. From these places the manufacture gradually extended itself through Italy, and in 1521 the French obtained some workmen from Milan, and commenced for themselves the weaving of silk. In 1564 Fraucat, a gardener at Nismes, formed a nursery for the silkworm. He was so successful in the cultivation of the white mulberry, and the propagation of the silkworm, that an impetus was given to the silk trade, and it was fairly established in France.

Henry IV. more especially encouraged the growth of silk in France, and since his time this has been one of the most important industries of France. In this country very earnest attempts were made to introduce the silkworm by James I. In a speech from the throne that monarch recommended his subjects to plant mulberry-trees and cultivate the silkworm, and he promoted, to the utmost of his power, the numerous experiments which were made. All the attempts, however, proved abortive; the uncertainties of our climate were fatal to the growth of silk. Many experiments have been made since that time; a few, on a small scale, have promised to be successful for a season; but, otherwise than for amusement, silk is not grown in England.

In 1629 the silk throwsters of the city of London were formed into a public corporation; and, in 1661, it is said, forty thousand people were employed in the silk manufacture in this country. The revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, greatly increased the English silk manufacture, especially by the influx of a large colony of skilful French weavers, who settled in Spitalfields. In 1719 the silk trade was established at Derby, by the foundation of a great silk-throwing mill, and the introduction of the Italian processes by Sir Thomas Lambe, and from that time it has been a staple manufacture of that city. Indeed, from that period the silk manufacture may be said to have progressed with uniform success—numerous improvements have been introduced, especially in the machinery employed, and our silk-weavers have produced fabrics which have taken the place of those which have been formed in the looms of India and of Italy.

The cultivation of the silkworm is, in many respects, curious; but as any description which did not detail all the points of peculiar interest attending the development of the moth, the production of the worm, and all the various phenomena attending the several metamorphoses which it undergoes,

would not have much value, and as our space prevents our dealing with so wide a subject, we pass on to the consideration of our commerce in, and manufacture of, silk.

Of raw silk we import annually about seven millions of pounds; in 1857 the import exceeded twelve millions. The average annual computed real value of this is about seven millions sterling; and of thrown and manufactured silks the value appears to be about three millions sterling more. The exports of purely British silk manufactures is computed at a real value of nearly two millions sterling.

The raw silk, as imported into this country in hanks from the *filatures*—as the establishments for unwinding the cocoons are called—requires to be regularly wound upon bobbins, doubled, twisted, and reeled in our silk-mills. These processes are called *throwing* silk, and their proprietors are called *throwsters*—terms probably derived from the appearance of swinging or tossing which the silk threads exhibit during their rapid movements among the machinery of the mills.

The mechanism of the silk *filatures*, or the establishments for reeling off the silk from cocoons, has been greatly improved in France. It will be readily understood that the operation is one requiring great nicety. The process is mainly as follows:—Into a copper basin, divided into five compartments, and containing water heated by a stove or by steam, is placed twenty cocoons, five in each compartment. The filaments from each of the five cocoons are drawn out together over wires with hooks or eyelets at their ends, and through these they run apart, and are kept from ravelling. At certain points the filaments cross, and rub against each other, on purpose to clean their surfaces. The filaments then pass through a spiral groove, which is made to work so as to produce a transverse motion alternately to the right and the left, by which means the thread is spread evenly upon the reel. In every apartment of a *filature* there are a series of such reels, all driven by one prime mover, each of which, however, may, by means of a tumbler lever, be stopped at pleasure. This machinery is watched by girls called *reelers*, whose principal duty is to remove any slight adhesions of the silk by the application of a brush. A woman attends to the kettle, sees that the proper temperature is maintained, and watches the unravelling of the cocoons, assisting the process when it is necessary for her to do so.

Messrs. Fairbairn and Lillie introduced in Manchester the greatest improvements in the machinery for throwing silk. They transferred to silk the very elegant mechanism of the throstle—so well-known in the cotton trade. In France and in Italy the throwing-mills are small, not many of them throwing off more than one thousand pounds of *organzine*—the name given to a compact spun silk—a year; in this country this quantity is infinitely exceeded. The price of throwing *organzine* in France is about seven francs per kilogramme, and from four to five francs for *trame*—a common variety of silk; while in this country, with our improved machinery, the cost is not more than one half of this.

The winding off the skeins as imported—upon bobbins—is the first process in our mills—the mechanism for effecting this winding off being technically called the *engine* or *swift*. The bobbins to which the silk is transferred are wooden cylinders, of such thickness as may not injure the silk by any sudden flexure, and which may receive a great length of thread without having their diameter materially increased or their surface velocity changed. It is not possible, without the aid of drawings, to give any intelligible description of the throwing engine. It is, however, sufficient for our purpose to know that the silk is, by means of it, wound off and laid in uniform threads. The next operation is that of *doubling*. The silk throwster places the threads of two, or, sometimes of three, of the bobbins so as to be wound together upon a single bobbin. It is important that the winding should immediately stop if the silk thread should happen to break, and this is effected by a very ingenious device. Instead of the swifts or reels, a creel is mounted for receiving the bobbins from the former machine—two or three being placed in one line over each other, according as the threads are to be doubled or trebled. In addition to the ingenious arrangements which are to be found in the “engine,” the construction of the doubling machine includes a plan by which the

bobbins are set at rest the moment the doubling threads get broken. This is repaired by the girl in attendance, the bobbin readjusted, and the winding proceeds as before, there being no interruption to the motion of any of the bobbins beyond that one of which the thread was broken.

The English throwsters usually submit their silk to some scouring and steaming processes. The hanks, as imported, are soaked in lukewarm soap-water in a tub, but the bobbins of the twisted single silk from the spinning-mill are enclosed within a wooden chest, and exposed to the action of steam for about ten minutes. They are then immersed in a cistern of warm water, from which they are transferred to the doubling frame already described. By this process of steaming and subsequent soaking the gummy matter is removed from the silk, and it receives the dyeing material more completely. The action of the steam on silk is dependent on the peculiar power possessed by all capillary bodies of condensing fluids and vapours with a considerable amount of force: in technical language, it is said to “open” the silk, and thus prepares it for the full solvent action of the warm water in which it is subsequently immersed.

There is a peculiar kind of silk, called *marabout*, containing generally three threads, made from the white *Novi* raw silk. From its whiteness, it takes the most lively and delicate colours without the discharge of its gum. After being made into trame by the single twist upon the spinning-mill, it is reeled into hanks, and sent to the dyer without further preparation. After being dyed, the throwster re-winds and re-twists it upon the spinning-mill, in order to give it the whipcord hardness which constitutes the peculiar feature of *marabout*.

The spinning silk-mill is, as its name implies, used for twisting the silk threads either in their single or doubled state. When the “raw singles” are first twisted in one direction, next doubled, and then twisted together in the opposite direction, an exceedingly wiry, compact thread is produced: this is the *organzine* of commerce. In the spinning-mill, either the single or the doubled silk, while being unwound from one set of bobbins, and wound upon another set, is subject to a regular twisting operation, in which process the thread is conducted through guides, and coiled diagonally upon bobbins by a proper mechanism.

Those persons who are familiar with any of our large establishments, devoted to the spinning of either silk, cotton, or flax, will understand the processes which have been referred to. Of course, the machinery is somewhat varied to meet the conditions peculiar to the fibres spun, but in the main principles the machines closely resemble each other. Perhaps there is no single branch of mechanical engineering which has received so large an amount of attention as spinning machinery. The appearance of a large mill is striking in the extreme. Hundreds, in many cases thousands, of spindles are seen revolving with great rapidity, but with the utmost steadiness, and every one of these remains completely under the control of the delicate-fingered factory girl, who watches the web-like threads which are being twisted and wound. Those who are not familiar with these interesting processes will have the opportunity in the International Exhibition of 1862 of studying them in detail. A very interesting machine is sometimes used; it is known as the “Silk Automatic Reel.” By this machine the silk is unwound from the blocks of the throwing-mill, and formed into hanks for the market. The blocks being of a large size, would be productive of much friction if made to revolve upon skewers thrust through them; and this would cause the frequent breaking of the silk. They are therefore set upright upon a board, and preserved steadily in that position by a very simple arrangement. The reel—consisting of four long laths of wood, which are fixed upon iron frames, attached to an octagonal wooden shaft—is placed above the bobbins, so that the silk is unwound, and moves to the reel, in a vertical position.

We have not yet said anything of the very important process of bleaching the silk. Silk in its raw state, as spun by the worm, is either white or yellow, of various shades, and is covered with a varnish, which gives it stiffness and a degree of elasticity. Of this varnish the silk must be relieved; and this is done by scouring or boiling.

M. Roard has investigated with every care the operations employed in preparing the raw silk. Before his Memoir on the subject appeared, extremely vague ideas were entertained about the composition of the native varnish of silk. M. Roard has shown that this substance, so far from being of a gummy nature, as was supposed, may be rather compared to bee's-wax, with a species of oil and a colouring matter which exists only in raw silks. It is contained in them to the amount of from 23 to 24 per cent., and forms the portion of weight which is lost in the process termed—*as has been shown by M. Roard, very improperly—ungumming*. This curious wax possesses some of the properties of vegetable gums, but it differs from them in most respects. Its solution, when first exposed to the air, is of a golden yellow; it soon becomes greenish, and rapidly putrefies, as a solution of animal matter would do in similar circumstances. It is curious in the story of manufactures to know that of this material, for which at present we have no use, the city of Lyons could alone furnish many thousand quintals annually.

M. Roard has observed that if silk be exposed to soap-baths for some time after it has been stripped of its foreign matters, it begins to lose body, and has its valuable qualities impaired. It becomes dull, stiff, and coloured, in consequence of the solution, more or less considerable, of its substance—a solution which takes place in all liquids, and even in boiling water. It is for this reason that silks cannot be *alumed*—treated with alum for dyeing—with heat, and that they lose some of their lustre in being dyed brown—a colour which requires a boiling-hot bath. The best mode, therefore, of avoiding these inconveniences, is to boil the silks in the soap-bath no longer than is absolutely necessary for the scouring process, and to expose them in the various dyeing operations at a temperature as moderate as may be sufficient to impart the required colour.

The most ancient mode of scouring silk—and we are assured that no better process has been discovered—consists of three operations. For the first, or the *ungumming*, 30 per cent. of soap is dissolved in clean water at a boiling heat; then the temperature is lowered by the addition of a little cold water, or by damping the fire. The hanks of silk are hung on sticks, or small poles—about three pounds of silk being on each stick. The sticks being laid across the vessel, the silk hangs down, and in this way is immersed in the bath. The portions of the hanks plunged in the liquid get "*scoured*," the varnish and the colouring matter are removed, and the silk assumes its proper whiteness and pliancy. When this point is attained, the hanks are turned round upon the poles, and that portion which was in the air gets exposed to the action of the alkaline bath. As soon as the whole is completely "*ungummed*," the hanks are taken out, wrung by the peg, and shaken out, after which they are subjected to the *boil*. About thirty pounds of ungummed silk are enclosed in bags of coarse canvas, called *pockets*, and put into a similar bath to the preceding, but with a smaller quantity of soap, which may therefore now be raised to the boiling temperature without any danger of destroying the silk. The ebullition is kept up for an hour and a half, during which the bags must be frequently stirred, lest those near the bottom should suffer an undue degree of heat. The third and last operation is intended to render the white of the silk more agreeable, and better adapted to its various uses in trade. In this way are distinguished *China white*, which has a faint cast of red, the *silver white*, the *azure white*, and the *thread white*. In the large works in Lancashire these processes of preparing the silk for the weaver divide themselves into seven stages. In all silk-mills these are so nearly alike, that one description applies to all.

1. The silk is put into the hot "*lather*," or soap-bath, as described, and when the ungumming is completed it is dried in the hydro-extractor. This very useful machine is a cylinder, perforated with holes, which is set in rapid rotation. Thus by the action of centrifugal force—as in the trundling of a mop—the water is thrown off. By the habit of contracting all words, which prevails to a sad extent in Lancashire, this machine is called the *hydro*, and sometimes the *whizzer*. We trust this corruption of our language may not be extended, though it appears to be gaining ground even in the metropolis.

2. The silk, for the purpose of straightening it, is

rolled on a cocoa-nut pin, four inches in diameter, a little turn being given it occasionally with the finger and thumb, to prevent its entangling.

3. It is then put in the bags, "*pockets*," and boiled.

4. The silk is washed in a cistern by hand, the water holding as much soap as will make a tolerably permanent lather, to which there is generally added a small portion of archil.

5. The hydro-extractor is again used to dry the silk.

6. The silk is next straightened and sulphured. The action of sulphur, or rather sulphurous acid, in bleaching, is a well-known one. This sulphuring is carried on in a small, but high, room; it is often ten feet square by twenty feet in height. In this the silk is hung up, and four pounds of sulphur for each forty pounds of silk are placed on the floor and set fire to. The room is closed as securely as possible, and the silk is exposed to the bleaching action of the sulphurous acid gas formed for four hours. After the bleaching, the silk is washed three or four times in cold water, to which a little indigo blue has been added, the object of which is to give a pearly lustre to the silk.

7. The hydro-extractor is again used, and the silk is finally dried by exposing it to a temperature of from 85° to 90° Fahr.

When silks are intended for the manufacture of blondes and gauzes, they are not subjected to the ordinary scouring process, because it is essential, in those cases, for them to preserve their natural stiffness. They are rinsed in a bath containing but very little soap, bleached by the sulphur process, and then passed through the "*azure water*."

In the process of bleaching, one pound of good silk loses four ounces of weight. This considerable loss has led to many attempts to substitute some process in which it should be lessened. The most successful is that of Baume. He soaks the silk for forty-eight hours in alcohol at 85° (sp. gr. .837), to which has been added one thirty-second part of pure muriatic acid. The silk is rendered beautifully white by this process, and the loss which it suffers in this menstruum is only one-fortieth, showing that nothing but the colouring matter is extracted. The cost, however, has prevented the general use of this method.

After all those operations have been gone through, the silk passes to the dyer, and receives from him the various colours required. The great beauty of many of the dyes received by silk, depends very much upon the success with which the previous processes have been carried out. Silks are usually dyed in the hank. The process of imparting colours to any fibrous substance depends upon the capillary power of the fibre. The colouring matter is condensed within the capillary tubes, and fixed there by some agent called a mordant, which has the power of combining chemically with the tinctorial substance. Silk, wool, and cotton, although they may receive similar tints from the same dye-drugs, require to be treated differently. The practice of imparting colour to woven goods may on some occasion furnish the subject for an article in these pages, at present it is not possible to deal with this portion of the subject.

In the silk-mill of Messrs. Houldsworth, a considerable variety of silk goods are manufactured, but they are especially celebrated for their silk damasks, which are of the most elegant and costly description. The production of such articles demands the utmost attention in the preparation of the silk.

After the hanks of silk are delivered into the hands of the weaver from the dye-house, they are first subjected to a process of calendering, by which a peculiar glossiness is given to the threads. The machine by which this is effected consists of two polished steel cylinders, which, by means of adjusting screws, can be placed at any distance from each other. The hank of silk is placed, spread out as much as possible, over those cylinders, and they are moved apart until the silk is powerfully strained upon them. The cylinders are then set in revolution, and they polish every thread to the highest degree.

From this stage the silk passes to the winder, and it is now wound on reels which are adapted for the Jacquard loom.

We have on previous occasions, especially in the article on Electrical Weaving, and in our description of Mr. Brown's worsted damask works at Halifax, given descriptions of the Jacquard loom, which must really be regarded as one of the most remarkable of

machines. We need not now return to a description of it, for, whether for worsted, silk, or cotton, the principle is the same. The construction of the cards for this loom requires the largest amount of care and attention. The process of repeating the patterns on the cards has, however, been greatly facilitated in Messrs. Houldsworth's establishment by a machine of the most ingenious description, by which, one set of punches being fixed, any number of repetitions can be most readily made. Amongst the articles woven by the Messrs. Houldsworth may be named *Brocades*, or silk damask, in which satin forms the figure; *Brocade*, in which the weft produces the design. These are usually made with linen at the back. Silk damasks—entirely of silk—are manufactured, of the most costly description. In these we could not but admire the beauty of many of the designs, and the harmonious arrangement of colours in such as gave the figure in different tints. The manufacturer has to produce goods for different markets, and the contrast presented between the silks woven for the home and for the American markets, was exceedingly marked.

Silk terry, silk carriage linings, and a variety of articles of this description, were in the process of manufacture at the time of our visit. Pictorial screens, or pieces of silk for covering cushions, were being woven. These were sufficiently characteristic to show, that a high degree of excellence could be arrived at in this direction, if there was a sufficient demand for ornaments of this kind. It is interesting to see the English manufacturer supplying the world with the productions to which he has been devoting attention.

Silks are largely woven for the Indian market. Many an Oriental despot is robed in silk vestments woven in the looms of Manchester, and many a piece of so-called Indian silk is brought to this country, which originated in our own silk-mills: it has only returned home. The splendid saddle-cloths of the South Americans, and those which are peculiar to the Peruvians, together with the Poncha and the Serapis, are manufactured here.

Passing on from the weaving of the silk damasks, we must endeavour to describe the Embroidering machinery. This is of the most simple, and, as it appears to us, of the most perfect, character. By the machines, which might be worked by steam power, but which it is found economical to work by three girls, any articles, whether of silk, woollen, or linen, may be embroidered.

The embroidering machine consists essentially of three, or perhaps we should say of four, parts. Two prismatic bars, or pincers, which hold the embroidery needles; these are placed upon frames which move easily backward and forward upon an iron railway. These carriages, it must be remembered, are of the width of the frame which is to carry the fabric to be embroidered. Into the prismatic bars are fixed a series of needles. Supposing it was desired to work twenty leaves in the length of the silk in the frame, twenty needles would be placed in the pincers. The needles are only placed in the pincers of one carriage, and between it and the other carriage is the frame holding the fabric to be embroidered. Now the girl in charge of the carriage pushes it up against the silk, and the twenty needles pierce it. The frame on the other side is ready to receive them; the pincers are opened, they seize and close upon the needles, and being drawn away they are pulled through the cloth. It will be obvious to any one that, as the carriages approach to or recede from the web, rolling all the time along its iron railway, the needles must continually pass and repass through the same point in the silk, and of course no pattern could be produced. The explanation of the way in which the design is produced will be given presently. The embroidery needles are sharp at both ends, and the eyes, through which the silk passes, are in the middle.

The pattern to be embroidered is stamped out, on a large scale, in a metal plate; every hole forming the pattern represents a stitch, in the same manner as the squares in a Berlin wool pattern indicate it. The frame in which the silk or material to be embroidered is stretched, is easily movable within small limits. This frame is attached to a lever, which is connected with a long arm, forming a pantograph. The point of this arm is placed in one of the holes in the pattern by a girl who sits before it, and this brings the frame into a certain position, to which, indeed, at starting it is adjusted. Now let us suppose a little girl pushes the carriage

up to the frame; the girl in charge of the frame on the other side, seizes the needles which have pierced the silk, and receding, the thread is drawn through. This being done, the girl in front of the pattern moves the lever, by placing the point in the next hole. This communicates motion to the frame, to the extent of a stitch; the girl pushes back the carriage, the needles pierce the silk in another place, the pincers on the other side seize the needles, the girl recedes with the carriage, draws out the thread, and the required stitch is made. The process is repeated, the pointer moved, the frame slightly altered, and by the alternate motion of the carriages another stitch is made. By displacing the piece with sufficient precision to bring successively opposite the tips of the needles every point upon which they are to work a design, such as a flower or a leaf, the stitches are correctly made with much rapidity. We have named twenty as the number of needles, considerably more than one hundred might be arranged in the same bar, and thus, in the place of twenty, one hundred and fifty leaves or flowers might be in the process of construction at the same time, by the operations of only three children. The children at the carriages have nothing to do beyond pushing them to and fro, changing the needles when all their threads are used, and seeing that no needle misses its pincers. The girl in charge of the design has only carefully to move her lever-pointer from hole to hole in the metallic design before her.

M. Heilmann, of Mulhouse, appears to have been the first inventor of the pantographic embroidering machine, and several constructed by him have been mounted in this country, in France, Germany, and Switzerland. The machines which we have been describing have been, however, considerably modified and simplified by the Messrs. Houldsworth, who have applied them more successfully than any other manufacturers. By these machines, worked by three children, any designs are embroidered, with fifty or one hundred and fifty needles, as accurately as could formerly be done with one.

We have to acknowledge the courtesy shown to us in our examination of Messrs. Houldsworth's works, and to notice the admirable arrangements which prevail throughout, especially in connection with everything relating to the comfort of the men, women, boys, and girls employed.

ROBERT HUNT.

NOTES

ON THE

MOST RECENT PRODUCTIONS OF FLORENTINE SCULPTORS.

No. IV.

A FEW paces from the Porta San Frediano, in one of the poorest and least inviting parts of the city, are the lofty doors of what was formerly the studio of Bartolini, the Florentine sculptor of European celebrity, who died several years back. It is now tenanted by his friend and pupil, Signor Romanelli, and its vast *locale* gives ample space for a very large collection of the plaster models of its late occupant, besides Signor Romanelli's own very numerous works. Like so many of the Florentine studios, the building was formerly a church, the nave of which is divided into three rooms, the middle one of immense height, and those at the extremities ceiled some half way up, so as to afford two similar chambers above stairs.

Conspicuous among the larger works in the first room is the monumental statue of Count Fossombroni—the great and enlightened minister who ruled the councils of Tuscany during the latter part of the reign of Ferdinand III., the penultimate Grand Duke, and the beginning of that of his lately deposed son. At a time when, among the nations of Europe, the name of Italy was literally held as a mere "geographical definition," Fossombroni was remarkable for the patriotic feeling, skill, and sagacity with which he lifted, as far as in him lay, the small state whose helmman he was, from that "slough of despond" in which it was plunged by degrading Austrian and Jesuit influences. He stoutly resisted all attempts to conclude a con-

cordat with Rome, and to do away with the wise code of Leopoldine laws. He sought by every possible means to better the material and social condition of Tuscany, and his grand and eminently successful improvements in the drainage of the once pestiferous *Marzume*, and the splendidly fertile Val di Chiana, remain to attest the extent of his agronomical knowledge. The monument in Signor Romanelli's studio, now only sketched in the marble, is intended for the city of Arezzo, and the statue of the statesman, in the robes of the now abolished order of St. Stephen, has great dignity and simplicity of pose. The face, which is said to be an excellent likeness, is one not easily forgotten, though the features are somewhat small and delicately cut. There is a thoughtful power on the square, high brow, and a resolution around the lips, which quite redeem it from any appearance of weakness. The arms are slightly extended in advance of the body, as if in the act of earnest speaking, and the height of the figure is about nine feet. There is also a bust of the same statue in course of execution here, which will be placed in the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence, among the tombs of the other illustrious Tuscan dead.

A 'Boy Bacchus treading the Grapes' is full of expression, although only seen in the model. His sturdy, truculent godship stands with one muscular leg half way buried in the luscious clusters which overbrim the edge of the vat and trail heavily on the ground beside it. He seems resting for a moment from the labour he delights in, and his whole look and attitude are marked by careless grace and unconscious vigour. Near him is the statue called 'La Delusa' (the betrayed), which was executed in marble for the Great Exhibition at Paris. It is a girlish female figure, entirely undraped, seated on a low shelf of rock, with the head bent forwards and downwards, the eyes fixed unheedingly on the earth, the hands drooping listless and open on the knee, and the feet slightly gathered beneath the body. In its faint hopelessness and meek languor of attitude the figure seems a fit embodiment (after a classic fashion) of Tennyson's lonely "Mariana" murmuring—"I am weary, weary!" in her unbroken solitude. Here, too, are the plaster models of four beautiful figures of children, life-size, executed in marble, together with a richly-ornamented chimney-piece, for Lord Portarlington. The figures are intended to support candelabra, and each has one arm bent over the head, somewhat in the manner of Caryatides. They represent the four seasons, and carry on their heads and in their hands the bounteous produce of the year. Spring is perhaps the most remarkable for the beauty of the face and for a certain spiritual character in the features, hard to describe, looking out from beneath the crown of flowers. But there is also much loveliness in the other three, especially in the figure of Winter, with his bundle of mossy faggots on his head, his wavy locks blown and scattered by the sharp wind, and the scanty mantle drawn with his right hand round his vigorous young limbs, while the left holds his burden firmly on his head. Summer is, of course, garlanded with blossoms, and holds a handful of ripe and heavy ears plucked from the harvest sheaf; while Autumn has his temples wreathed with rich bunches of grapes and other fruits, from among which a small serpent lifts itself into the wavy curve of a tiara-like form. The whole four statues have a great freedom from mere conventionality, and are stamped with a rare imaginative charm.

It is interesting to see beside these works of Signor Romanelli the plaster models of some of the most well-known of the statues of Bartolini, such as the kneeling figure called 'Fiducia in Dio' (trust in God), a young girl looking heavenward in an attitude of entire and childlike trustfulness, with parted lips and eyes absorbed in prayer; or the irate, recumbent 'Juno,' which yet remains here in marble, somewhat ostentatiously displaying the lavish curves of waist and hip in her horizontal posture. The monumental group on the tomb of the Princess Elisa Baciocchi, sister of the first Napoleon, erected at Lucca, is also here in plaster, with its heavy lines and formal affectation of Etruscan costume; and the group of 'Bacchant Children reposing,' which will be remembered as forming one of the Art-treasures of the Villa Demidoff, near Florence. Besides these, and many more reminiscences of the eminent sculptor under whom

Signor Romanelli studied, there is, especially in the great middle room, a whole regiment of plaster models of busts, executed by Bartolini, ranged around the walls on a narrow gallery, at a great height from the ground, and producing a strange, almost comic, effect, owing in part to the peculiar style adopted in the pose of most of the female busts. A whole row of these, some twenty or thirty perhaps, almost without exception of singular homeliness of feature, and made more ugly by the elaborate bunchy curls and graceless hair-bows of thirty or more years ago, have their bare arms placed monotonously almost *saltirewise* on the bust, and their eyes thrown sentimentally upwards. The effect produced by this uniformity in attitude and expression is not a little amusing; and these busts, with their lumpy head-dresses, serve as a useful illustration of the era of hopelessly bad taste, which happily has given way of late years to so much simpler and more artistic a style of sculptural adornment in the portrait busts of our studios. Bartolini's ideal of female loveliness was not, to any truth, remarkably striking or attractive. His marble women or goddesses have generally a massive hardness and heaviness of outline which leaves little room for the subtle play of expression either in face or figure. But in his male figures he was far happier; and his statue of Machiavelli, which occupies one of the niches on the *façade* of the Uffizi Gallery, is admirably full of character and thoughtfully blended expression, and is indeed one of the best statues of the Tuscan worthies in the series. Signor Romanelli has a graceful figure in marble of 'Innocence,' in the rather worn-out semblance of a young girl holding a pet bird in her arms, while a snake, raising itself from its coils on the ground, is preparing to make a dart at the favourite.

But the gem of this studio is assuredly the statue of William Tell's son, after the shooting of the arrow. It has been executed in marble for Mr. Vanderbilt, of New York, and is now being repeated of two or three different sizes. The boy, a robust child of nine or ten years old, has one knee bent on the ground, and leans slightly on the other foot, as if just about to start up. Beside him is the trunk of a tree, against which he has been leaning; and above his head is the apple, which Tell's unerring arrow has transfixed and pinned to the bark a moment since. The child has just pulled down the bandage from his eyes, and it hangs in loose folds drooping from his throat. His face, which is of rare beauty, is a little bent backwards, and looks eagerly out and away into the distance, the lips parting, and the frank, clear eyes dilating with triumphant pride in his gallant father's courage and address. The beaming exultation of that fair boyish face is so well rendered in the marble, that it calls up a shadow of the whole stirring scene of that three parts mythical, but always charming, legend. There is the iron-featured Burgvogt, all amazed in the circle of his scowling men-at-arms; there are the whispering, excited groups of villagers: the old grey fortress walls; the airy perspectives of granite peaks and glaciers, glittering in the fresh morning light, with a lazy, lilac-white cloud loitering across them here and there; and nearer at hand there strides the grand old figure of Tell, as we have known it from our childhood, across the intervening turf ground, with hasty, agitated steps, now pale and breathless with the ebb of his tremendous resolve, hurrying to hug that noble child to his broad breast, and bless him for his fearless faith and self-forgetfulness. A more suggestive statue than this, or one which better tells its story, is not to be found in the studios of Florence. The figure is undraped, but holds with one hand across the knees the shirt which has been stripped off for the terrible ordeal; and the simple, scanty, linen folds agree well with the unpretentious charm of the attitude.

Signor Romanelli is just now engaged upon a group of the two boys, sons of Mrs. Whyte, a well-known American Art-patron, striving for a tame bird, which one of them holds above his head, to keep it from his brother's grasp. The subject is a good and picturesque one, and the nude figures of the young wrestlers are skillfully modelled and harmoniously grouped. There is also the model of another charming statue of one of the brothers, dressed in a quaint, rich, antique costume, holding on his shoulder a pet squirrel, whose soft little

mouse-like head is perked eagerly forward, close beside its young master's cheek, to take the lump of sugar which he offers it. This statue also has been executed for America.

Prince Demidoff is the possessor of the excellent waist-length bust of Bartolini, which is here only in the model. Signor Romanelli has evidently worked lovingly at this likeness of his old master, and has produced one of those spirited resemblances of the hard and homely, but intelligent and kindly, countenance, to whose fidelity we would swear, even though we have never set eyes on the original.

In these days of Italian regeneration, when the new kingdom, just risen from its long, degrading lethargy of centuries, is asserting its claim to a place of honour among the thrones of Europe, a strong interest naturally attaches to Signor Romanelli's statue of 'The Genius of Italy,' executed in 1854, and sent to the Paris Exhibition, from whence, owing to careless packing, it was sent back to the studio wretchedly broken in the lower limbs. It has now been roughly restored, and stands yet in a corner of the studio—a vivid incarnation of the mournful spirit of the time which gave it birth, transplanted into the hopeful atmosphere of the present. The Genius wears the figure of a child about twelve years old, kirtled to the knee, with long smooth curls waved back from a thoughtful brow. The head inclines slightly forwards, and the large eyes and softly moulded features are full of subdued and patient suffering. One hand is laid on the breast, the other holds a chalice, and on the pedestal are engraved the words—"Great God! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" Well might the aspirations of the beautiful and sorely oppressed land be embodied in this touching form, for in the year when the statue was executed, Italy was drooping under a threefold curse! The Austrian occupation in Tuscany and the Romagna was draining out the life-blood of the country, and grinding down every principle of law and justice under the merciless heel of an inexorable military despotism; the cholera was sweeping off its thousands under the fiery heats of an exceptionally burning summer; and the fatal grape disease was raining both farmers and landed proprietors, and also cutting off one of the most important items of the daily food of the labouring classes. "Cholera, cryptogama, and the Austrian!" said Signor Romanelli; "truly the genius of our country might well wear a sad face, and lift up his cup of tears to the pitying heavens!" It were well if the artist who has so feelingly conceived and powerfully expressed the martyr spirit of the old time, would embody in the marble the bright and hopeful promise of the new.

Signor Romanelli has attempted, with no small success, the difficult feat of turning into marble the subjects of some of the world-famous pictures which adorn the galleries of Florence. No less than four small copies of different sizes from Raphael's 'Madonna del Cardellino,' which stands in the Tribune at the Uffizi, are now in course of execution in the studio, both in marble and alabaster. Most English readers, travelled or untravelled, will remember the artless grace of loving expression which dwells around the figure of the Virgin Mother in that painting, looking tenderly down upon the Infant Christ and St. John the Baptist, who lean against her knees, playing with the goldfinch from which the picture has its name. The smiling repose of the whole group makes it especially suitable to sculpture, and the simple lines of its composition lend themselves to the translation with singular fitness. There is also a sculpture copy from Allori's beautiful and well-known picture, with its motto,—"Ego dormio, sed cor meum vigilat," of the baby Saviour lying in deep sleep upon the cross, which is one of the treasures of the Pitti Gallery. To such as have never seen how good an effect may be obtained by these borrowings from the sister art, the attempt of Signor Romanelli will doubtless appear a hazardous one; but a great deal of it of course depends on the judicious choice of a picture, the charm of which is due less to richness of colour, or vivid power of expression, than to the harmony of its lines and grace of combination.

The 'Nymph of the Arno' is a statue about life-size, which Signor Romanelli is just putting into marble. She is represented as sitting on a rock, just after coming out of the bath, which she has taken, it is to be hoped, high up the river course,

towards the Vallambrosan hills, where the current is less thick and yellow, and more inviting for a plunge, than where it flows further down through Florence and Pisa, and along the fertile Pisan plain to the sea.

In the two upstairs rooms are several finished works in marble and alabaster, repetitions of the principal statues below. There are also two or three models which were selected for execution by the committee, at the *concorso* of last year, which might be called an exhibition of sketches for patriotic works of Art. One of these is a statue of Victor Emmanuel, led on by a Victory, which has much merit, in spite of the soldier-king's face and figure being somewhat unwarrantably flattered, as may be seen by comparing them with those of another cast of the sovereign of Italy, a striking likeness, which stands in the next room. Here also is a graceful little recumbent statue, executed by Signor Romanelli, from a design left by Bartolini. The subject is 'The Slumber of Innocence,' a young child calmly sleeping on its small pallet bed, with its silky ringlets scattered on the pillow, and the dimpled limbs hushed in warm repose.

Among the models executed by Signor Romanelli for the before-mentioned *concorso* was one for a statue of Francesco Burlamacchi, Gonfaloniere of Lucca, to be erected in that city at the expense of the government, in honour of the noble Lucchese who fell in the vanguard of the martyrs for Italian liberty about the middle of the sixteenth century. The figure of Burlamacchi, leaning on his sword, with his tall figure, fearless eye, and resolute lip, is well in keeping with the dauntless spirit of the man—every inch a man—as he looks out of the dry, quaint pages of the old Florentine chroniclers. He is represented, even by historians of the Medicean, or *High Tory* party, as a man of earnest, straightforward, active, enthusiastic spirit and generous heart; prompt and impulsive rather than wary and astute; fitter far to carry out than to plan the great schemes of his country's redemption. This scheme, however, was the aim and labour of his life, and the attempt to execute it was the cause of his untimely martyrdom at the hands of the tyrants whose power he sought to shake. It was no narrow local revolution at which he aimed. He essayed no less an enterprise than the overturn of the Medicean rule in Tuscany, and, as Galluzzi says, "the stirring up of all the rest of Italy to rebellion and new-fangled ideas." There is also good reason to think that he was a supporter of the new reformed faith, which was just striking root in the Tuscan cities, and that this too made him a mark for religious as well as political hatred among the very Catholic adherents of Duke Cosmo. Certain it is, that the Florentine and Siennese exiles, and the victims of religious persecution who had found a home in the Lucchese republic, all gathered round Burlamacchi as their head, and looked up to him as to the man who should overturn the iniquitous system of oppression and misrule under which every state of Italy groaned, and uplift the banner of a new era of union, and civil and religious freedom on the ruins of the ancient superstition and the intolerable tyranny of her rulers. Burlamacchi, in his dreams of noble daring, never appears to have distrusted the smallness of the means at his disposal to compass so great an end, nor to have calculated on the sluggish and degraded indifference which had been carefully fostered in the popular mind by the evil rule of the Medici. He was not only Gonfaloniere of Lucca, but commander of the hill troops of that republic, and his rash project of revolution was to be opened by marching upon Pisa, with that small force, rousing the once fiery citizens to take up arms in the cause of liberty, and with the aid of Piero Strozzi and his kinsfolk and adherents, to attack Duke Cosmo and spread the flame of revolt throughout the peninsula. This wild, but gallant plan was nearly mature when a treacherous friend and accomplice, one Andrea Pezzini, of Pietrasanta, who owed Burlamacchi a grudge for having crossed him in some matter of private business, betrayed the whole conspiracy to the Duke. Cosmo, calm and wary, first reinforced the garrison of Pisa, and then wrote to the heads of the Lucchese government, complaining bitterly that treason against his throne should have been hatched among them. The letter fell into the hands of Burlamacchi as the head of the municipal authorities of Lucca, and he lost no time

in attempting to escape to Sienna, but was stopped at the city gate and compelled to return. Cited to appear before the Signori, he attempted not to justify himself, but boldly and steadily confessed what his plans had been. The Lucchese government trembling before the wrath of Duke Cosmo, and the possible vengeance of the Emperor Charles V., then residing at Milan, instantly deposed Burlamacchi from his high office, placed him in close imprisonment, and forthwith sent messengers to the emperor to explain the facts of the case, and to Cosmo to try and reinstate themselves in his good graces. The wily request of the duke to have the unfortunate Burlamacchi given over to him in order "to examine him," as he said, "touching the facts of the plot," was, however, refused, for the Signori knew too well that nothing but torture and death would have awaited their luckless fellow-townsmen in the dungeons where Filippo Strozzi had died a dismal death not long before.

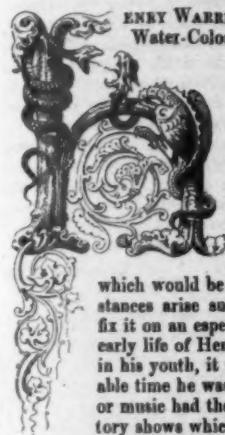
The request of the emperor, however, to have the culprit consigned to him, admitted of no such denial, and the Signori were probably only too glad to free themselves from the responsibility of keeping so dangerous a man in custody. They consented to deliver up Burlamacchi to the tender mercies of the mighty potentate, whose reprisals they dreaded, and he was brought to trial without delay, condemned to lose his head for attempting to subvert the Medicean government, and sent off to Milan in the winter of 1546. At first, hopes of the emperor's clemency were held out to the unhappy prisoner. Zealous intercession was made with Duke Cosmo that his life might be spared, by a lady who it was thought possessed great influence over that prince's mind. The wretched wife of the prisoner, by her means, gained access to the duke's presence, and flinging herself at his feet implored his pardon. Cosmo is said to have answered her agonized supplication with a sneering repulse, worthy of the heart which was so fruitful in every blackest shape of crime. "States," said he, "are not to be ruled by compassion for women's tears." Another attempt too was made by Burlamacchi's powerful friends, with far better chance of success. A sum of ready money, a very large sum for those days, no less than thirty-six thousand scudi, above £8,000 in English money, was offered as his ransom. But, says the chronicler, not very intelligibly, "the moment of success was lost, in consequence of the acceptance of the bill of exchange being suspended by a mere error." Again, after this, the Signori of Lucca protested to the potentates most interested in the affair, that they were guiltless in it from first to last, and especially pointed out what particular zeal they had shown in the arrest and imprisonment of Burlamacchi, although he had been invested with the highest dignity of their state. The great men deigned to profess themselves satisfied with the little republic's respectful behaviour, and for many a weary month, in alternations of heart-sickening hope and fear, the high-hearted ex-Gonfaloniere lay pining in the imperial dungeons of Milan. There, in the year 1548, he was at last released from durance, but only to be beheaded in company with a number of other "persons of distinction," guilty like him of plotting to shake off the intolerable yoke which for above three hundred years more was destined to bow down the neck of the distracted and enslaved nation. Burlamacchi met a felon's death for failing to do with miserably unequal means, and against all-triumphant wickedness in high places, what the memory of the late lamented helmsman of the Italian cause is at this moment receiving more than regal honour for having well-nigh completed in more auspicious days, and with the lavish resources of a nation's love, to aid his enterprise. If so many among the hundred cities of Italy embody their gratitude to Cavour by bust, statue, or tablet inscription, set up in the place of honour among their glories of old time, it is well also that for him who fell by the headsman's hand in the very outset of his ill-calculated project,—treacherously tripped up by a false friend on the very threshold of the race,—a memorial statue should be erected in his native city of Lucca, lying so pleasantly at the foot of its noble chestnut-wooded Apennines, rich in grey palaces and splendid churches, and no less rich in the glorious memories which emblazon with undying records the venerable walls of the quaint old Tuscan cities.

THEODOSIA TROLLOPE.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LVI.—HENRY WARREN.



HENRY WARREN, President of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, was born in London, in the year 1798. A question which very frequently occupies the anxious thoughts of the head of a family who has sons growing up about him is—"What can I do with the boys?" The wishes of the father and those of his child are often diametrically opposed to each other; but the latter generally prevails, because it is found that nature or inclination has pointed out some especial path, which it would be both impolitic and unwise to close against him. Sometimes the mind of the lad oscillates between two avocations or professions, either of which would be equally congenial with his taste, and then circumstances arise subsequently that give a predominating influence, and fix it on an especial object. Something of this kind appeared in the early life of Henry Warren; though his love of Art showed itself in his youth, it was not fostered by his parents, and for a considerable time he was himself undecided whether sculpture, or painting, or music had the greatest charm for him. The sequel of his history shows which of the three ultimately gained the ascendancy, although we may remark that music has occupied many of his leisure hours, when the pencil has been temporarily laid aside; he is a skilful performer on the violoncello, and has composed several vocal pieces which have obtained popularity.

The early years of this artist seem to carry us back a long way into the annals of British art: he studied in the atelier of Nollekens, the sculptor,

modelling and drawing the figure, with John Gibson and Bonomi as his contemporaries; drew from the Elgin marbles in the British Museum, when that irascible but neglected son of genius, Haydon, was there instructing his pupils, the Landseers and others; he entered the schools of the Royal Academy in 1818, attending regularly during ten or twelve years with men who, since that period, rose up to fame, and have gone down to their graves with honour—Eity and Sir William Ross; and with some, happily, still living among us—Webster, the Landseers, and others; and thus he passed through what may be considered a regular course of artistic, academic instruction. This is not the suitable place to discuss the merits of the teachings of the Royal Academy Schools, but the system pursued many years back must have been widely different from that adopted far more recently, or it would not have produced the outcry raised against it, to which the Academicians themselves have not ventured to turn a deaf ear.

Mr. Warren's first essays in painting were in oils; he exhibited several pictures in this medium at the Academy; but being induced to join the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, which was established in 1835, he applied himself more particularly to that branch of the Arts, painting both landscapes and figure-subjects. The first work of any importance to which our memory reverts, is 'The Happy Valley,' a scene borrowed from "Rasselas;" it is a large picture, embodying a fine landscape view, with a variety of figures skilfully and appropriately arranged, and executed with undoubted knowledge of effective truth, and with power of colour. Though this work partakes, in a measure, of the character of eastern scenery, it was not till the following year the artist exhibited one of that series of Arabian subjects with which his name seems to be more intimately associated. These pictures are incontrovertible proofs that a man can delineate truthfully and effectively much of what he has not seen, save in his "mind's eye;" whether he would have done better if he had resorted to the scenes of his pictures it is not necessary to inquire. Mr. Holman Hunt resided nearly two years, we believe, in Jerusalem, as if to derive inspiration from the place, while he was engaged on his picture of 'The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' yet there are few persons who would not admit that the world would have seen a painting of equal merit in every respect if he had worked in his studio at Kensington instead of his temporary atelier in the "holy city." Mr. Warren's travels



Engraved by]

THE FORD OF THE JORDAN—THE GREEK BATHING-PLACE.

(J. and J. P. Nicholls.)

have never extended into the East, he has not made the acquaintance in their native land of the wandering tribes of Ishmael, has not seen the mosques and minarets of the followers of Mahomet, nor thirsted in the sandy deserts: his camels and dromedaries have been the denizens of the Regent's Park Gardens, the costume of his Moslem men and women hired or purchased at the shop of the vendor of "properties;" these, aided by books and the teachings of his own well-stored mind, have been the artist's "stock" for those pictures which, through a long series of years, have gained for him a deserved reputation.

The first of the pictures which have elicited the foregoing observations was exhibited in 1840; it represents a scene in the desert of Nubia—an encampment of Turkish soldiers, among whom are conspicuous the late Ibrahim Bey and his suite: the composition is full of interesting pictorial subject, skilfully put together, and displaying considerable knowledge of the manners and costume of modern military life in the East. In the following year he exhibited 'THE DYING CAMEL,' one of our illustrations, and long rendered popular by the large engraving from it published some years ago. The incident is repre-

sented with great poetical feeling, painfully touching: on the surface of the arid desert a traveller and his beast have sunk down exhausted and dying; not a leaf nor a blade is visible, no cloud, large as "a man's hand," appears in the horizon to herald the coming of the welcome rain-drops—all is sterile, hot, and dreary. Sweeping through the air, in a long, straggling line, is a flock of vultures which have snuffed their prey from afar, and are hastening to the loathsome feast: the man is too insensible to be conscious of the approaching attack, but the camel, with the instinct common to its nature, appears as if it knew the danger, and was preparing to meet it with whatever strength and energy remained. If the artist had been a witness of such a scene he could not have depicted it with greater power and fidelity. 'Rebekah at the Well,' a vigorously painted work, was exhibited with the preceding; as was 'The Battle of Agincourt,' executed in conjunction with C. H. Weigall.

Of Mr. Warren's contributions, in 1842, to the society of which he had now become one of the main props, the most notable were—'The Cooling-room (Meslukh) of an Egyptian Bath,' and 'Hagar and Ishmael cast out into the Wilderness,' the former an attractive passage of eastern life, carried out with great finish of pencilling and brilliancy of colour, especially in the forms and faces of the young female of rank and her attendants; the latter, though showing everywhere evidence of thought, study, and careful execution, remarkable for the expression of intense grief in the countenance of the unfortunate

Egyptian woman. A higher flight than any the artist had hitherto essayed was manifest in 'The Sermon on the Mount,' exhibited in the next succeeding year: such a subject is sufficient to engage the utmost powers of the greatest painter that ever lived, and though Mr. Warren's work fell short of the magnitude of the occasion, it is one of unquestionable merit, alike honourable to its author and to the Arts of his country. In the various heads of the multitude gathered to hear words of wisdom from the lips of the divine teacher, an infinite variety of expression, appropriate and natural, is given; the audience is not a group of inattentive listeners, they are absorbed by what they hear, and manifest the effect of the discourse in their looks and actions. The figure of the great preacher is the least successful in the whole composition; but what pencil could adequately portray the image of Him who "spoke as never man spake?" who could hope to succeed where Raffaele, and Da Vinci, and Guido approached only to the boundary edge, so to speak, of the God-man?

A simple enumeration of the principal works exhibited by Mr. Warren during the next two or three years must suffice; their titles will show considerable variety of subject:—'A Halt in the Nubian Desert'; 'Rebekah at the Well,' a picture much admired by Turner, who never visited the proprietor, Mr. Bicknell, without going into his drawing-room to see it; 'Moslem Charity,' in the Royal Collection, and engraved in the *Art-Journal* for the year 1853, under the name of 'The Fount in the Desert'; 'The Crusaders' First



Engraved by]

THE DYING CAMEL.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Sight of Jerusalem; 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria'; 'Arrival at a Dried-up Well in the Desert'; 'Alfred in the Swine-herd's Cottage'; 'Father Rogers, otherwise called Theophilus,' an early writer on Art, and a celebrated illuminator of manuscripts; and 'On Wimbledon Common'; this last we notice chiefly because of its differing so greatly, as a subject, from any of the preceding, and because it is a little gem of English landscape painting.

In 1848 appeared 'The Return of the Pilgrims from Mecca,' a large composition of numerous figures picturesquely grouped, and showing so accurate a knowledge of eastern manners, customs, and dress, as almost to make us incredulous about the fact that the artist had never visited the land of the Mahomedan. With this was exhibited a work of a very different kind, 'The Seven Ages of Woman,' a series of exquisitely beautiful designs, somewhat in the style of missal illuminations, each contained in a border of foliated ornament richly gilt. The *tout ensemble* is gorgeous, while a close examination of the whole in detail evidences the amount of thought, skill, and labour bestowed upon every portion.

Mr. Warren's principal work of the following year was 'JOSEPH'S COAT BROUGHT TO JACOB,' the subject of one of the illustrations introduced here. The narrative does not admit of much action and emotion, except in the person of the aged patriarch, and what Jacob manifests is rather of a negative character;

his face is hidden by his hand, as if the artist felt himself incapable of openly representing the intensity of grief which the countenance of the old man must display at the thought of his dead favourite son. The action is perfectly natural, though had the face been uncovered the power of the painter to grapple with the subject would have taken the place of what now seems doubtful. The arrangement of the group of "brethren" is good, and all the figures evince care and study. 'Christ with His Disciples in the Corn-field' is a large picture, the principal work exhibited in 1850: the Saviour rebuking the Pharisees, who complained that the disciples violated the sanctity of the Sabbath, forms the chief feature of the composition, the distinguishing character of which is a graceful disposition of the figures and of their respective costumes, and a judicious employment of brilliant, harmonious colour. 'The Death of the First-born' (1851), though merely a single figure—for of the child whose death she mourns over nothing is seen but the feet—is a work of very considerable power; the sentiment, as in the case of Jacob, is expressed rather negatively than affirmatively, the back of the woman being turned towards the spectator. 'The Woman at the Foot of the Cross,' exhibited at the same time, is a large work, showing a greater severity of style than most of Mr. Warren's sacred subjects. Modern oriental life is seen in 'A Hunchback Story-teller relating one of the Arabian Nights Tales in a Coffee-house of Damascus,'

contributed in 1852; and, in the following year, the history of Christ supplied the artist with another subject for a large picture, 'The Walk to Emmaus,' certainly one of his best productions of this class, simple in its treatment and elevated in expression. 'The Warrant exhibited to the Lady Abbess of a Benedictine Nunnery for the Suppression of her Convent,' painted in 1854, is a favourable example of Mr. Warren's capability of treating a subject of secular history containing numerous figures: the point of the composition is the *superieure* herself, who calmly beholds the document in the hand of the commissioner. The presence of the armed men who have invaded her sanctuary is significant enough of their mission: the demeanour of the lady is calm and dignified, but the face expresses deep sadness. All the accessories of the work are delineated with much care, and, as an illustration of the epoch of the Reformation, it possesses an unusual amount of interest independent of its artistic merits, which are very considerable. Referring to the next year's catalogue of the society of which Mr. Warren is president, we find his contributions to be—'The First Sunset witnessed by our First Parents,' a beautiful landscape of eastern vegetation, represented in a masterly and original style: the sun is going down below the horizon, and the dwellers in Eden are regarding its descent with mingled feelings of admiration, wonder, and awe: this picture

is worthy of being classed with the best works of John Martin and Danby. 'Incipient Courtship,' and 'Ye ha'e tell't me that afore, Jemmy,' are two subjects of a very different character—rustic figures engaged in the manner indicated by the titles; there is considerable drollery in the treatment of the former of these two, and both are cleverly represented.

The remaining principal works exhibited by this artist must, from want of space, be briefly enumerated; they are—'Rebekah first sees Isaac,' 'The Wise Men Journeying,' purchased by her Majesty, and engraved in the Royal Collection; 'A Hunchback Story-teller reciting in a coffee-house at Damascus' (a large picture); 'The Pyramids at Sunset,' also purchased by her Majesty; 'Hagar the Egyptian and her Son' (1856); 'The Pedlar,' 'A Street in Cairo, with a Marriage Procession' (1857)—two subjects essentially differing from each other, but each admirable in its way; 'The Song of the Georgian Maiden' (1858); 'The Peri at the Gate'; 'The Flight into Egypt'; 'Happy Nutting Days' (1859); 'The Good Samaritan'; 'There's a Bower of Roses by Bende-meer's Stream' (1860); 'A Zwingfest on the Wengern Alps'; and 'THE FORD OF THE JORDAN—THE GREEK BATHING-PLACE,' in the present year—the last work forms one of our illustrations.

Mr. Warren is one of those artists who, in a marked degree, have been the



Engraved by]

JOSEPH'S COAT BROUGHT TO JACOB.

[J. and G. F. Nicholls.

instruments of upholding and elevating the character of our school of water-colour painting: he has done this as much by the high moral tendency of his subjects as by the excellence of the manner in which they are presented. Sacred Art has, generally, been ignored by our artists; a picture of this class is, in most instances, an exception to their usual practice; with Mr. Warren, on the contrary, the list of works just brought forward shows that scriptural subjects have had as much of his attention as any others, and we believe them to be his best productions, and those on which his fame will ultimately rest. It is to his credit that, in these days of a struggle for reputation by means of fantastic ideas and long-explored theories of what constitutes true Art, he has been contented to pursue the path marked out by established usage, by common sense, and by what that great authority, Nature, teaches us.

His position as President of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, combined with his general knowledge of matters connected with Art, has, on two or three occasions, placed Mr. Warren officially before the public. His name appeared in the Royal Commission with reference to the great Exposition in Paris, for the selection of works by British artists contributed to the exhibition; he was also associated with Mr. Creswick, R.A., Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and Mr. Hurlstone, President of the Society of British Artists, in superintending

the hanging of the pictures in the building appointed for their reception adjoining the *Palais de l'Industrie*; and he has recently been placed on the committee for the Great Exhibition of 1862. His name is enrolled as honorary member of the *Société Belge des Aquarellistes*, and of the Pennsylvania Academy of Arts.

Mr. Warren has used his pen as well as his pencil: some years ago he wrote an antiquarian work on the river Ravensbourne, in Kent, and illustrated it by lithographic views, drawn by himself. The publication gave rise to the formation of a small club, called the "Novomagians," the members of which must be members of the Antiquarian Society. Two little volumes of fun and humour, entitled respectively "Notes upon Notes," and "Hints upon Tints," are also by him, and he has written some elementary works on Art. Two out of his four sons now living are following in the footsteps of their father, though in different departments of Art: his eldest son, Albert, was a pupil of Owen Jones, and is well known as a clever designer of ornamental works; the second son, Edmund George, is the landscape painter whose drawings have, within the last three or four years especially, attracted so much notice at the New Water-Colour Gallery in Pall Mall.

JAMES DAFORNE.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

PHYRNE GOING TO THE BATH AS VENUS.

Engraved by J. B. Allen.

Judging from the titles given by Turner to many of his pictures, his researches into classic history seem to have been as diffuse as they were, oftentimes, singular. It is true that the personages introduced generally occupy, in their pictorial importance, only a secondary place in the composition, and the title adopted conveys but a very inadequate idea of its real character: we look more at the scene of action than on the actors themselves, who are placed on the canvas for the purpose of enriching and enlivening it, rather than that of presenting to the mind what might have taken place among the people who are thus brought before us: and thus the painting itself would almost as appropriately bear any other name as that it has received, for we frequently make a fruitless search for the particular incident or story by which a glorious work of Art is known, and which it is presumed to illustrate.

The picture here engraved is one among many notable examples of this peculiarity of Turner's art: it was exhibited at the Academy in 1838, and bore, in addition to the above title, that of 'Æschines taunting Demosthenes.' Now it is no easy matter to make out either of the incidents assumed to be presented to view; certainly there are two sage-looking personages in the foreground to the left, who may be these great rival Greek orators, and the outstretched arm of one may signify the taunting of Æschines; and amid the multitude of figures in the centre is one which may serve for Phryne in the character of Venus. This "lady" is one whose history, so far as it has come down to us, is not worth inquiring into; her reputation for beauty was as great in Athens as was the immorality of her life. There were, however, two females of that name, according to ancient tradition, both of whom were equally distinguished by personal charms and depraved character; one is said to have been the favourite model of the sculptor Praxiteles, and the other of the painter Apelles. Some authorities intimate there was in fact only one, who sat to both artists, and that she was so rich as to propose to Alexander the Great to rebuild the city of Thebes, which he had destroyed, provided the monarch would permit an inscription commemorative of the builder to be engraved in a conspicuous place in the city. This Alexander refused. Apelles is said to have painted one of his most celebrated pictures after seeing Phryne going to bathe in the sea: it is probable that this story suggested to Turner the subject of his work.

The assumption, however, seems to be that the painter intended to offer a pictorial definition of Athenian life at its highest point of intellectual greatness and æsthetic luxury and voluptuousness; the schools of the former being represented by the group on the left, the character of the other by the gay and giddy throng of nude and semi-nude figures on the right. Turner never painted a picture without some other object than that of creating a beautiful work of Art; and every figure and accessory introduced may be accepted as having a meaning in it beyond its positive value as an adjunct to the composition: here they light up and animate the whole picture, making that a scene of life and festivity which, without them, would only be one of silent, death-like grandeur.

But, apart from these considerations, how much majestic beauty is there in that vast expanse of landscape, in which are combined edifices of architectural splendour, hills—Mr. Ruskin expressively calls them "folds of hills"—covered with rich verdure, a vast lake of tranquil, luminous water, and a distance made interminable, because it blends with the soft hues of the far-off sky. In the midst of the picture is the large, open bath to which the multitudes are escorting, as it were in triumph, the "beauty of Athens." We may point to the trees, too, as among the best Turner ever painted, graceful in form, light and elegant in their ramifications. There is not a passage which does not recall the most sumptuous period of old Greece.

The picture is in the National Collection.

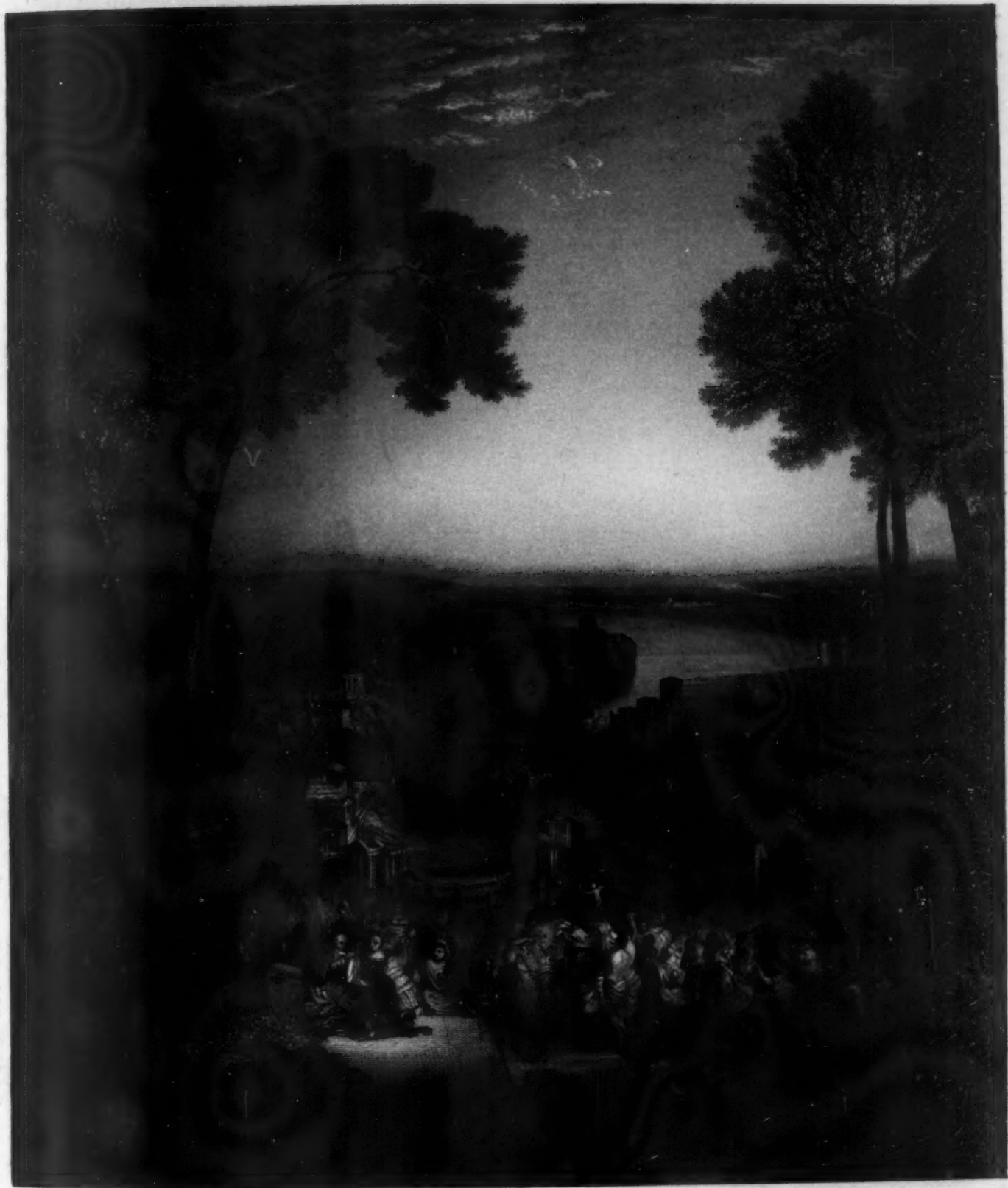
THE BUILDING FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

VISITORS to a "Great Exhibition" very rarely take into their consideration, as constituting no unimportant component of the exhibition itself, the edifice in which it is held. At any rate, even if they should be sufficiently thoughtful to form adequate conceptions of the exhibition-building, before which they stand, and about whose courts and galleries they have wandered, few indeed are those comprehensively observant individuals who reflect upon the preparation of the wondrous structure they are admiring. Preparation, indeed, is habitually estimated simply by the results which it may achieve, and in those results all the details of the previous preparatory operations are held to be merged. Thus it happens that what really is the most wonderful and remarkable feature in the whole affair is overlooked, and fails to receive its becoming share of popular approval and applause. It is, indeed, true that the very conditions under which any great edifice (and more especially one that is destined to form the home of an international exhibition) is constructed, preclude the possibility of admitting the general public to inspect the works during their progress. The growth of the structure would be checked by a premature exposure—like a plant of a tender nature when exposed too early to a chilling atmosphere. Builders cannot work under the public eye, and while obstructed by inquiring and admiring spectators. Nor are intending visitors to the future exhibition of next year, now disposed to wend their way to South Kensington, there to explore a forest of scaffolding-poles, and to encounter the contingencies of the multitudinous building-appliances, which are in full operation on every side. Under such circumstances, it may be well for us to take a part with our contemporaries, in placing before our readers from time to time some descriptive notices of those preparations for the Great Exhibition, which they are not able, and possibly do not desire, personally to inspect.

There is one essential and all important condition under which a great exhibition building is necessarily constructed, that must ever be kept in view while the building itself forms the subject for consideration, whether during the period of its progressive advance towards completion, or after it has been actually completed. This is the marvellous *rapidity* with which, from the first commencement to the final completion, the whole of the works have to be executed. In dealing with its future *habitat*, a great exhibition is a very Aladdin giving commands to the powers of his lamp. Everything must be colossal in scale, and multitudinous in number, and felicitous in adaptation, and magnificent in effect,—and everything needs to be devised and done instantly. All the ordinary rules of adjusting time to work are superseded; contingencies are peremptorily treated as inapplicable to so exceptional an undertaking; and the whole affair is conducted upon a high-pressure principle, and moves after the manner of an express train. And it must be particularly observed, that this speed has always to be maintained in connection with the two greatest of all possible hindrances to rapid movement, inasmuch as it is to be exercised in the treatment of objects which are on the largest scale, and which have to be subjected to the most severe tests to ensure their strength and power of endurance. Slight work of no extensive size it may be easy enough to dispatch off-hand; but here we have everything massive and great, and yet all done, and all done well, *dicto citius*.

The design for the building that is advancing in its progress with such rapid strides, we confess our inability to admire or even to approve:

that, however, is no question for present debate. The Great Exhibition is to be held within this building next year; and it is now September. The one point to be considered, therefore, now that the design has been accepted and the works undertaken, is whether the building will be ready for the exhibition when the exhibition will require the building. We have every reason for feeling confident, not only that there will be no delay on the part of the contractors, which might obstruct the free action of the exhibition commissioners in the discharge of those duties of preparation which will devolve upon them, but that the building will be finished and ready to receive its contents even before the time stipulated in the contract. The means by which such an achievement may confidently be expected to be accomplished, are well worthy of careful observation. Foremost amongst these means may be placed the extensive use and varied application of iron as a constructive material; and then, as a prime mover in rapid and yet always effective working—a masterly plan carried out through as masterly an organization. Experience also in the particular kind of work that has to be done, and in the manner in which it may be done most effectually, is another all-important agency at the disposal of the present able and energetic contractors. Ten years ago, a great exhibition building was a matter for experiment: now it has come to be an example of experience. The nature of the constructive materials, their combination and the methods for most advantageously applying them, are now as well understood as are the arrangements for grouping together and generally disposing of the contents of the exhibition itself. It is in having iron to work with, in addition to bricks and boards, and in thoroughly understanding how to handle their materials and to apply their working powers, that Messrs. Kelk and Lucas are able to show at the end of every day so decided a step in advance of each passing yesterday. Their first practical movement augured well for the future success of their project. They began by laying out their works with consummate skill. Before anything was done, everything was made ready. The arrangements for facilitating both the advantageous application of labour and its rapid progress deserve all praise. A system of miniature railways forms the basis of the entire plan of practical operations. These rails, which ramify over the whole area of the structure in all its departments and divisions, are upwards of two miles in extent. In the centre of the whole a powerful steam-engine sets in motion an apparently complicated but really simple and well-arranged network of ropes working upon pulleys, which traverse the rails in every direction. This steam-power, aided by human hands, not only moves a multitude of trucks with their burdens of bricks and girders, of shafts and planking, with ease and rapidity, but it also hoists whatever requires to be hoisted to any and every height, and then fixes the various details in their places, and bolts them together, and is instantly ready to repeat the process. Easy and organized movement pervades every portion of the works. Constructed each in a suitable workshop of its own, the various objects are disposed of with a most masterly facility. Whatever the need may be, it has its own appropriate agency. Much of the work has to be done at a considerable height, and enormous masses have to be elevated and worked into the edifice high in the air. This is all accomplished by means of movable scaffoldings, adapted to both height and mass of material. The largest of these, which travels on twelve wheels, is sixty feet square and one hundred feet in height, and in itself weighs not less than three hundred tons. It is at once completely efficient



J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. PINT.

J. B. ALLEN, SCULPT.

PHRYNE GOING TO THE BATH AS VENUS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.



for all that can be demanded of it, and perfectly safe in action; and besides these important qualities, it may be moved by four men with levers such as they can readily apply. This is a specimen of the working appliances which our contractors at the present day are able to set in action, and of the skill that gives to strength so immense an accession of power. Such a movable scaffold may be expected to accomplish a proportionate amount of work, provided always that it is kept in action. And at South Kensington, this truly marvellous machine is never permitted to remain inactive; and with it a long array of minor confederates are kept no less vigorously to their duties. Every variety of material comes in, in never-failing abundance; and all soon find their way to their appointed destinations, and they are applied to their becoming uses. To give some idea of the magnitude, and at the same time to convey a correct impression relative to the massive strength of the structure, we may state that the number of bricks (in addition to ironwork) employed in the construction of the picture-gallery, falls but little short of 20,000,000. As we write, the second story of the edifice is in a great part actually completed, a large proportion even of the immense arches that span and sustain the roof of the wide nave being set and fixed in their places. This is the portion of the edifice which, being the most massive, and involving the greatest proportion of brick-construction, requires more time than those other portions in which iron supersedes brickwork; and yet, though the ironwork may rise up and become complete with still greater speed than is possible, even at South Kensington, when bricks have to be laid by the million, the whole building progresses fairly together, no part being either unduly in advance or suspiciously in arrear.

But a few more details must be given as specimens of these truly extraordinary works. The story of the building beneath the picture-gallery is to be devoted to the exhibition of carriages and similar objects. This is lighted on one side by a long series of windows, lofty and wide, above which the solid wall rises unbroken for fifty feet. The window arches are noble examples of masterly brickwork, strong and solid as the unpierced wall itself. A most judicious arrangement—adopted with the view to increase the strength of the window-arches by diminishing their superincumbent burden without in the least degree impairing the stability of the sustained wall—consists of a hollow flue constructed in the thickness of the wall itself, above each window-opening. Such hollow brickwork resembles in principle the famous tubular girders of Stephenson's Britannia bridge, and without doubt is equally sound as a mechanical contrivance. The ceiling of the carriage department forms the under surface of the floor of the great picture-gallery. Here the powers and the prudence of the architect and the contractors are signally displayed. This floor has had to be made capable of supporting a great weight, and its sustaining capabilities have had to be subjected to the most convincing of tests. Both have been done, and the tests have conclusively demonstrated that the floor is equal to a much more severe trial than any to which it can possibly be subjected. The floor is formed of solid beams laid transversely over iron girders, fourteen inches deep by ten inches wide. The ends of these girders rest on blocks of stone built into the walls; but, as they have a span of fifty feet, each has the additional support of iron columns rising up to meet them through the carriage-department below. The expanse of the picture-gallery floor itself has not been left altogether unbroken; for, after the manner of the Manchester Exhibition building, this magnificent gallery has been

partially divided into a series of compartments, the divisions being effected by lofty arches of brickwork rising from cross-walls beneath the floor, which tie the whole structure together into a single consolidated mass. The compartments of the gallery are not less than nine in number, the two greatest of them being each 325 feet in length, and the four smallest each 50 feet. The entire group of picture-galleries is lighted by a range of clear-story windows six feet high, on either side beneath the roof, and by skylight-roofing rising at its centre to form an obtuse angle: and beneath both the lateral windows and the actual glass roofing a flat ceiling of ground-glass is to be placed, which will close in the galleries from above, and will secure for the pictures a becoming light, while it will render any accidental ingress of rain absolutely impossible.

We naturally feel an especial interest in all that more particularly refers to those portions of the building that will be applied to the reception of the pictures and the other works of Art, and it is with sincere satisfaction that we anticipate in the galleries that we are describing a combination of arrangements such as will prove to be triumphantly successful. Beneath the picture-gallery, one of the main entrances to the building is placed. This entrance exemplifies in a characteristic manner the strength of the works that are pushed forward so speedily. Here are four piers in the brick-work walls, which are seventeen feet wide, ten feet deep, and sixty feet high, the whole being of solid materials and the best constructive workmanship. On both sides of the main divisions of the building (nave and transepts, as we have learned to designate these main divisions of Great Exhibition buildings) there are placed double iron columns, all of them twelve inches in diameter. The diameter of the other columns for the lateral courts and enclosures is eight inches. The strength of these columns has been proved to be equal to sustaining ten times the actual pressure to which they can ever be subjected, in addition to their capacity to bear the weight which each column has to support as a component of the building. In like manner, the trellis-girders that support the side galleries have been made capable of resisting a strain of eighty tons, the heaviest pressure that it is possible for them to encounter, even under the extreme circumstances, being considerably less than thirty tons. The bays of the building that surround the domes and adjoin the intersection of the transept, will receive a secondary strengthening from cross-bracings. Such is the jealous care with which the commissioners, the architect, and the contractors, concur in demonstrating beyond all question that their exhibition building is much more than suitably and sufficiently secure. The iron columns and girders are already in position in great numbers, bolted together, and ready for action, and those that are yet to be placed and fixed will soon follow their example. All are amongst the most perfect castings that have ever been produced. They are from Barrow's works, near Staveley, and are most creditable to all parties who have been concerned in producing them. The great domes are in course of preparation for taking their becoming places, at such time as the other works will be sufficiently advanced for them to be completed. We shall reserve a description of their details until a future occasion.

In addition to the main building, there is to be a subsidiary, or allied structure, in itself of no slight importance, which, like the rest of the edifice, is making great progress. This building, distinguished as "the annex," is a gigantic species of ornamental shed, or temporary structure, designed to contain the machinery in motion. The refreshment department is separate from this annex, as the annex itself stands isolated from the picture galleries and exhi-

bitors' courts, with their adjuncts. The saloons for refreshments are being built over the southern arcade of the new enclosure of the Royal Horticultural Society, at the side of the gardens, that is, opposite to the grand conservatory. The floors of the refreshment saloons are already laid, and the whole of the works are in a very forward state. Here again, as in every instance of a floor that is raised above the ground level, the structure has been tested with enormous masses of bricks to about five times the weight it ever will have to endure. Of the 1,300 feet which the annex measures in length, more than half is finished, and the roofing-in of the remainder is far advanced, and will speedily be complete. This building may be fairly considered to be worthy of unqualified admiration as an example of wood-work adapted for the covering-in of a large space, which shall be effectual in use, agreeable in appearance, and in cost almost incredibly trifling. It is the result of an experimental drilling-shed, designed by Captain Fowke for the South Kensington Volunteers, and by them erected for £82, though covering a space of eighty by fifty feet—about £1 per foot in length, the width being fifty feet. The entrance to the adjoining Horticultural Gardens was Captain Fowke's improvement upon his own drilling-shed; and now the annex shows what certainly must be held to be the highest degree of perfection to which the plan can be carried.

While the material edifice in which this, the second of the London Great Exhibitions, is to be held, is being produced after the manner that we have indicated, there is also another and a concurrent preparation for the exhibition, which demands at least a brief expression of our anxious interest. This preparation is twofold in its nature. It comprehends the operations of the Exhibition Commissioners at home, and those of their colleagues and coadjutors in other countries; and, in the second place, it extends to the various classes of intending exhibitors in every nation, and every city and town. There can be no doubt concerning the energy and the judicious zeal of the commissioners; and, in like manner, we trust that their own most important parts in the grand work of preparation are no less earnestly undertaken by all who propose to become exhibitors. Time is no less precious to those who desire to appear honourably in the Exhibition itself, than it is to the contractors who have undertaken to deliver over to the commissioners the grand structure that now is rising up proudly under their hands. Without for a moment admitting that there exists any indifference towards this magnificent display of the works of Art and industry, we may consistently hold forth the energy and the perseverance of the constructors of the building as models for all who propose to take any part in filling its courts and galleries. Whatever has to be done must be done with combined celerity and power. This is to be a Great Exhibition of the capabilities of the year 1862,—of its treasures of Art, of science, of executive skill and dexterity. Every preparation for it, accordingly, must be urged forward without hesitation or delay, and with the resolution to combine excellence with promptitude. The building will certainly be ready: let the exhibitors be ready also. And the building, whatever its own Art-character, in its plan and construction and arrangements unquestionably will be admirably adapted for its duties: in their character of illustrative exponents of the industrial and artistic abilities of the age in which we are living, we rely upon the productions that are preparing for the coming Exhibition being also as well adapted to realize the most ardent aspirations of every true lover of Art and true friend of manufactures.

THE
ORIGIN AND NOMENCLATURE
OF PLAYING CARDS.

BY DR. WILLIAM BELL.

CHAP. II.

"In all their (the gipsies) cheating they only seize in a more subtle way the superstitions of the nations they are among."—Boscow's "Zincall," 4th Ed., p. 82.

TREATING them, therefore, in their connection with the trickery and deceit by cards as Bohemians, a widely-spread Bohemian legend may be adduced. It will add something to the dryness of a disquisition which must hinge on many etymological deductions of the names used for the cards themselves, and for the games played with them. It is upon this plan that every writer who has tried to penetrate the deep obscurity proceeds, and amongst them Messrs. Singer and Chatto, who have latest attempted solving the riddle, more particularly.

On the famous chain of mountains separating Silesia from Bohemia, called by the Germans *Riesengebirge* (Giant Mountains), and *Erzgebirge* (Ore Mountains, from their numerous mines), but which also still retain the designation by which Ptolemy knew them as *Yuderi*, Sadeten, resides the famous gnome king *Rübezahl* (turnip counter), the guardian and distributor of the rich mineral treasures of the district.

He is of a somewhat capricious and fanciful disposition, sometimes moody and revengeful, but more generally frolicsome and merry, like our own Robin Goodfellow, when he chooses to ascend to upper earth, or take interest in the proceedings of common mortals. His visits, however, like his temper, are uncertain, sometimes recurring at short intervals, and then again nothing is heard of him for an interval of possibly two centuries.

It was once after his recollection of his vast domain as a dense, thick, primeval forest, with its denizens only the aurochs and the bear, or the bison, and where his sole amusement and occupation was to set these savage animals by the ears, or himself to harry the dark glens where the elk and roebuck were feeding in security, and to hunt them over precipices, or force them into the deep lakes situate in the basins which have long since forced their way through the rocks, and formed what is now the mighty Elbe,—that about a thousand years later, from *ennui* or a desire of change—which is said to trouble men, gnomes, and kobolds—he, in his mining phrase, "cropped up" again to-day, and again willed to enjoy the bright effulgence of the cheerful sun.

Bestriding like a seated colossus the lofty eminence since named the Giant's Dome, he looked around on the plains beneath, on both sides stretched out to his view like an expanded map. But how changed the scene since his last appearance! The gloomy, dense, and impenetrable forest had given place to fruitful acres, where rich harvests awaited the sickle. Amidst the tooming orchards, the yellow thatched cottages glittered gaily in the sun, and the smoke curling from numerous chimneys formed a pleasing contrast to the dark foliage of the trees. In the distance the bright spires of the churches and convents of Schmiedeberg Hirschberg, newly founded, raised themselves erect as if to pilot the prayers of the faithful towards heaven: all was alive with busy life. The mower swung his scythe through the rich swathe; here and there the haymakers were collected in merry groups, gathering what is already ripe to be carried to the barns by huge waggons, which sturdy oxen were heavily dragging along. Over Warmbrunn, already visited for the salubrity of its springs, the gloomy Kynast raised its turrets in solemn grandeur, at once a defence against invading enemies, and, from the marauding practices of its lords, a heavy burthen on the country. *Rübezahl* viewed these new scenes with wonder and astonishment, but the fresh pleasures they afforded him turned the feelings of anger with which he now frequently views the interlopers of his domains into an inquiring and active curiosity. He determined to test the nature of the new invaders of his rights, to enter into their social relations, and to take upon himself, as far as his gnome organization permitted, the feelings and affections of men.

His first feat was that of a sturdy peasant, and he hired himself to the first farmer he met. As was natural for a gnome, everything he undertook succeeded in a way beyond his master's warmest expectations, and the lucky farmer was on the road to become a rich man and large landowner; but he was too much elated with his good fortune, and too anxious to anticipate the pleasures of an accession of wealth, so that everything gained was spent almost as soon as obtained, and *Rübezahl* found that few thanks and little advantage was to be obtained in such service, so he changed into that of a flock-master in the neighbourhood.

As with all else he did, so the flocks and herds committed to the gnome's care increased in a ratio even greater than those now grazing in the Australian prairies; but the owner was a niggardly churl, who not only not rewarded his trusted servant as was his due, but even stooped to meanness and cheater. We have heard of an Irish baronet who stole the oats and beans put into the manger of his horses in the night time, and got soundly thrashed by his groom, who pretended to take him for a common thief; but *Rübezahl*, when his master purloined one of the best wethers of his flock, and wished to deduct the value from his servant's wages, punished him by merely leaving his service, and taking a situation with the justice of peace of an adjoining district. But even under the sanctuary of the law he found no resting-place. The disciple of Themis lived in a corrupt age, was himself corrupt, and wished to corrupt his clerk by inducing him to swear a false oath; and when *Rübezahl's* honest nature startled at the crime of perjury, trumped up a false accusation against him, and had him committed to prison. Here, however, the gnome had recourse to the usual expedient of ghosts, and effected his liberation by gliding through the key-hole.

Discouraged by such experiences of human nature, the gnome returned indignantly to the peaked summit whence he had taken his first survey, and turning his eyes in an opposite direction, his view extended far south, into the present kingdom of Bohemia, where the white river flows from its kindred lake in a rapid descent, and through an umbrageous shade of verdant beech and oak trees. Disporting in the cool shade, he saw there a troop of young maidens, who often tempered the midday heat by bathing in the transparent stream bubbling so temptingly at their feet, and amongst them one who was as much superior to her companions in beauty and demeanour, as from the deference paid her, she appeared to be in rank. This merry troop was led, in fact, by the daughter of a neighbouring Starost,* and accompanied by her attendant damsels.

Rübezahl, having no acquaintance with the Roman poets, had no apprehension of the fate of Actæon, when in descending from his high position he approached stealthily through the bushes to gain a nearer view of the charms which had so enraptured him in the distance. To do this more readily he assumed the form of a coal-black raven, so that he could perch upon the surrounding boughs in all directions, upon which to enjoy the most commanding view.

But, in this respect, he was too inexperienced in the nature of the metempsychosical power of change which is the property of all gnomes and goblins; he found that his wishes and desires followed the animal form he had assumed, and, as a black raven, he felt a greater longing for a fat field-mouse or a young leveret, and that the beautiful form of the young princess, though equalling that of the Medicen Venus in symmetry and lustre, fell dead upon his senses. This psychological experience was no sooner felt than remedied; he as raven retired into a thick covert, and came out of it a stately, handsome youth. That was the true way to recognise the *beau idéal* of feminine beauty in perfection. Hitherto unfelt sensations now throbbled through his breast; all his ideas gained more aspiring impulses, new desires and indescribable wishes filled his soul, but a certain innate modesty which rose in him co-existent with them prevented him from breaking in upon the secrecy of the hour, or from disturbing the innocent gaiety of the bathers. But from this hour

his young and wishful, but withal bashfully modest, love chained him to the spot. He waited with all a lover's anxiety for the return of his *inamorata*, but she kept many days either within the walls of her father's mountain castle or in another direction amongst the mountains. To while away the tedious hours of absence he employed the interval to embellish the spot with all his gnome power, and all the art his assumption of the young cavalier form suggested. The rough rocks under the magic of his will moulded themselves into a basin of the purest Parian marble; the stunted herbage and the wild-flowers of the forest became transformed into beautiful parterres blooming with all the richness and glow of a tropical flora; trellised arbours formed the most voluptuous retreat from the scorching heat, and from their intricate windings depended fruits of the most tempting description—clusters of the richest grapes, the apricot, the peach, the cherry, were all brought to bloom together by the power and taste of the gnome in the most artistic grouping; singing birds gave note in all the varied modulations of the woods,—so that the whole scene was transformed into a fairy bower of the most graceful attraction.

When next inclination for the bath led the princess and her companions to the well-known spring, the enchanted scene was a spectacle of wonder and delight. Those simple, trustful times admitted without inquiry the full agency of both good and evil fairies, and therefore the princess felt no repugnance again to refresh herself and her nymphs in the cooling fountain, where the pure crystal shone so delicate in its silvery mounting.

This was the point the gnome was awaiting, as he had a troop of pixies ready to seize the maiden the moment she stepped into the water, and to draw her down unnumbered fathoms deep to his subterranean abode. Here she found a palace rich beyond the halls of her father, or any ideas she had hitherto entertained of elegance and costliness, replete with every luxury and convenience that the ingenuity of the decorator, *à la carte blanche*, could supply; an extensive *plaisance* and shrubbery offered all the delights of a beautiful garden, and every accompaniment of a princely mansion. Only it was unpeopled, and the beautiful Emma—such was the name of the princess—found herself alone; and, when curiosity had been satiated, a feeling of *ennui* came over her, which not even the most assiduous attentions and caresses of the gnome king could dissipate. The Princess Emma became fretful and wayward, and frequently sighed for her former companions, and upbraided the gnome with her lonely condition. Finding that at least a temporary expedient must be resorted to, he went into the garden, which still bears his name on the mountain side as "*Rübezahl's Garden*," and there selected a number of turnip bulbs in a basket, which he took to his disconsolate charmer with an ebony wand. "Here," he says, "are a lot of vegetables, which you need only touch with this truncheon and you may animate them with such forms of upper earth as you wish for companions and playmates." Left alone by the gnome, she immediately proceeded to test the sincerity of his assertion, and touching a nicely-formed young turnip with her wand, she called out,—"*Brunhild, appear!*" and immediately her most favourite companion stood before her, blooming and graceful as when Emma had been snatched away from her into the crystal waters. Emma then continued the same process with the other bulbs, till she had resuscitated all her favourites, and the basket was empty; and now the charms and delights of her early youth were all again enacted with redoubled zest, from the danger she had been in of forfeiting them altogether. Thus, too, it lasted till six earthly moons had made their alternate changes of light and darkness. One morning, then, Emma rose after a refreshing sleep, purposing new pleasures during the coming day, when, stepping into her boudoir, she met amongst her household nothing but decrepid forms bent down with age, and wrinkled features, which increased in ugliness whilst she stood gazing at them with wonder and amazement. On her cries of pity and despair the attentive gnome made his appearance, and endeavoured to appease her anger and to calm her sorrow. He explained to her that, though the powers of nature were partially subjected to his will, he was still unable to control her immutable

* *Starost*, a Slavonian title for the governor of a district or province, like the English northern provincial *grave*, the German *graf*; its Slavonian root is *ster*, old, as the Saxon root for *graf* is *grau*, grey.—*Vide Adelung*, s. v.

decrees of decay to everything she endowed with life. As long as the vegetative powers were active and vigorous, so long the forms into which they were changed by the magic staff would perform the functions assigned them, but no longer. "I will," says he, "get a new supply from my garden like the last," and he rose to upper earth to redeem his promise; but entering his garden, he found it covered with deep snow, and all nature torpid in the midst of a severe winter. Returning to his maiden below, he was obliged to confess that all vegetation had ceased, and it was beyond his power to revive it: he consoled her with the promise that in the spring he would sow a fresh field, and again supply her with companions.

The beautiful Emma grew impatient over the delay, and almost counted the days when the earth was again to be revived, and a fresh crop of turnips could be furnished. She insisted upon the gnome watching the young plants as they sprung up, and giving her a faithful account of their progress and number. One morning having, by means of an enchanted staff, put herself *en rapport* with a young Bohemian Wizard, or Prince, to whom she had been early betrothed, and everything being prepared for flight, she again urged the gnome to a fresh numerical verification of the growing vegetables, with the injunction, as he loved her, to be sure of his count, and let her know the exact tale, not one too few or too many. Rübezah!, with all the infatuation and submission of an earthly lover, and mindful even of the caprices of his favourite fair, ascended to his task; and we give the following cut,



in which he is intent upon his task, from a German illustrated edition of this tale, to which we shall subsequently refer, in explanation of many of the oldest examples of cards which will appear in future chapters. We therefore request the observant reader to take particular notice of its suggestive attitude.

Having, as he thought, made an exact numeration of the young roots in the entire bed, it struck the complacent gnome that, as it had been an especial instruction to bring a right count, not one too few or too many, it would be as well to prove his total by a fresh addition. Consequently, though the field was large and fruitful, and the aspiring vegetables in thick ranges, he again essayed his count; but, to his great chagrin, he found his second total at a great variance with his first, and had therefore to commence *de novo*. A third attempt agreed with neither of the other two; a fourth turned out equally contradictory, and how often soever the task was renewed, the gnome could never bring two countings to the same total.

Have any of the numerous readers of the *Art-Journal* tried to fix the true number of any old Druid stones placed in a circle in their neighbourhood—and have they succeeded? We doubt it. It is a special feature of all legendary numeration that no two countings of such ancient and venerable relics should agree. We were told by the old guide who hovers on Salisbury Plain round Stonehenge, that no one has ever been able to make out satis-

factorily to himself the actual number of the stones of that venerable monument. The same legend hangs round the famous Meg Merrilies and her dancing daughters, in Cumberland; and at Stanton Drew, the second great Druidical temple in England after Stonehenge, this numerical difficulty is coupled by the neighbouring peasantry with a laughable story.*

Now whether this difficulty in figures has been transmitted by the gnome, in revenge for his want of success, to all matters round which he has thrown his legendary cloak, it is certain that he spent much time in the ineffectual operation;—moments too precious to be lost by Emma and her expectant lover, Prince Ratibor, who had managed, by help of the little magic ebony wand, to track him to upper earth, and, by help of the same potent charm, to render a fine coal-black steed grazing in the neighbourhood capable of becoming a second Pegasus, and of sailing through the air.

It was in the midst of the gnome's interminable task that he was startled in his five hundredth count by the apparition of his charmer, mounted behind the young Prince Ratibor, flying out to him in derision as they sped past,—"Rübezah! Rübezah!" which, for the information of such of my readers as have not yet fathomed the depth of German word-building, means "Turnip counter! Turnip counter!"

The gnome, disgusted with the duplicity of mankind, and the treachery of his beloved princess, ever since holds this nickname, by which he is now universally known, in the greatest abhorrence; therefore woe betide the ignorant or wilful wayfarer through his giant range of mountains who disturbs the solitude of his gnome territory by uttering or shouting the hated appellation; he has generally to suffer some mischievous mishap for his temerity. Where people wish to propitiate him, they address him as "Herr Johannes," Sir John; this more favourite denomination we shall find again curiously retained in some of our most vernacular expressions, connecting the Bohemian tale with our country, and cards themselves with our provincial nomenclature.

Wolfgang Mentsel, a German who dramatised the tale, is not, however, quite correct when he puts the following words into Rübezah's last speech:—

"Wenn auch den bösen Namen, Rübezah!,
Ich wider meinen Willen ewig trage?
So soll ihn meine Güte doch verschmerzen,
Und seinen Spott mit Grossmuth nur vergelten."

"Must I the odious nickname, Rübezah!,
Against my wish henceforth for ever bear?
My kindness shall for it make all amends,
And scoffing ridicule repay with love."

Nor is this excellent legendary tale foreign to our stage. It gives such ample room for scenic decoration, and mechanical ingenuity, that we cannot be surprised to find it frequently among our list of pantomimes: accordingly, in 1788, there was a pantomime by Wewitzer, at the Haymarket, with the secondary title of "Harlequin Under-ground;" and again, October, 1819, as the "Gnome King of the Giant Mountains;" and this drama follows much the legend in the opening scenes: on which the *Times*, December 27th, reports,—"The story contained many showy appointments and some extremely pleasing music. It was unsuccessful, but this may be attributed to the incongruous and ridiculous scenes following the opening."

For the Christmas spectacle of 1837, Mr. Farley was more fortunate, and it must have been his intimate acquaintance with our provincial idioms and our British nursery and fairy tales, that enabled him to fix upon a title exactly in conformity with the Bohemian legend of Rübezah!—that, like the single word which the late Sir W. Betham deemed the key to his connection betwixt the old Etruscan and Irish tongues, will link this legend with our modern cards and the gipsies, or Bohemians, who introduced and dispersed cards through Europe. His title was, "Number Nip, of the Giant Mountains," a beau-

* The best account of the ancient Druidical temple at Stanton Drew and the legends connected with it, is in the *Journal of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain*, September 1854, vol. xv. p. 199—204, by Mr. William Long: from Stukeley he gives the quotation, "No one, say the country people, was ever able to reckon the number of these stones."

tiful alliteration in our English story not found in the German Rübezah!

It may probably not be immediately apparent, this connection between Number Nip and Rübezah!, and yet I can assure my readers that the former is an exact translation of the German title. Here, however, we of necessity must deviate into the intricacies of etymology.

Amongst the vegetable tribe scarcely any is more extended than the genus *brassica* of Linnæus. Turnips, carrots, cauliflowers, and cabbages are in it connected by their common bulbous or long succulent roots. In the uncertainty of all the ancient nomenclature of natural terms, the Germans fixed upon *rübe* as the specific name of the turnip, which we English have confined by a slight variation to the rape, and restricted the turnip to a Latin derivative—if the Latin be really the earlier tongue—to the word *nabus*. We shall find this word reduced in our provincial glossaries to *nab*, and *nib*, or *nip*; the Anglo-Saxon, as *naepe*, carries it nearer the Latin, and Mr. Halliwell's excellent archaic dictionary gives *nip* as the common Suffolk name for the turnip, to which it is difficult to assign its prefix of *turn*, unless we can subsequently connect it with most of our games of cards. But its most curious and original use would be to explain the names by which cards are designated in all the south of Europe—in Italy, in Spain, and in Portugal. In confirmation of this view, we give the following copy of a Spanish four "dos dineros," from the before-men-



tioned collection of my friend Mr. John Fillinham. Here, then, we have at once a satisfactory solution of this enigmatical word, which has so puzzled all who have wished to give some consistent account of its meaning, and which they are well aware must also determine the paternity of our cards. Hence must disappear all the deductions hitherto made, with more or less of ingenuity, for an Eastern origin of our present playing cards. We have in our first chapter enumerated attempts generally to arrive at a probable solution from Hindostanee, Persian, Arabic, Italian, and Spanish roots; but some of them are too curious after this simple solving not to be amusing to the reader from their positive absurdity.

The latest notice on the origin and name of cards in our language will be found in "Facts and Speculations on the Origin and History of Playing Cards," by William Andrew Chaito (London, 8vo. 1848, p. viii., 1844), of which the first sixty pages are specially dedicated to the above object. We may pass over the conformities and intricacies of Hindostanee cards and games, and considerations "on the ten avatars of Vishnou," which were necessary to his subject as not conforming to our view of the origin of cards; we may also omit the Latin *carta*

as self-evident for the modern name, and come to his principal difficulty in *naibi*, p. 22:—"It is to be observed that cards are called *naibi* by the earliest Italian writers who mention them, and that they have been always called *naypes* or *naipes* in Spain since the time of their first introduction into that country. Now, in Hindostan, where we find the word *chahar*, *chahir*, or *chartak*, they also have the word *na-eeb*, or *naib*, which, judging from the sound only, appears at least as likely to have been the original of *naibi* and *naipes* as it is of the English *nabob*. This word *na-eeb* signifies a viceroy, lieutenant, or deputy, who rules over a certain district as a feudatory who owes allegiance to a sovereign—is, at least, as probable as the derivation of *naipes* from N P, the initials of Nicolas Pepin, their supposed inventor." We then find, notwithstanding the improbability of the origin of *naipes* from these initials, it received the sanction of the Spanish Academy by being admitted into their dictionary.

If *naib* be the true Arabian name for cards, as asserted p. 24, it would be only another proof of the wide extension of the Bohemian tale. Breitkopf is quoted as deriving the Arabic word *nabeia* from divination, &c., amongst a tribe in that country called Nabatheans.

Two Frenchmen differ in their theory. M. Bullet deduces *nip* from the Basque term *naps*, plat, plain; and M. Eloi Johanneau thinks the word rather a corruption of the Latin *mappa*, a napkin.

The above may suffice, but I fearlessly ask if any



No. 1.

of them can stand against the one I have propounded with all the circumstances already stated, or to be adduced subsequently.

It is not, however, solely upon etymological grounds that we base this connection of *naypes* and our Number Nip with the Bohemian legends, and farther on with the Bohemian gipsies. The earliest existing figures on court cards will, when rightly understood, bear out fully our exegesis.

The accompanying four cuts are from the collection of the Central German Museum, at Nürnberg, collected by the care and industry of Dr. Von Eye, to whose excellent life of Albrecht Dürer, and the history of wood-cutting, a former recent number of the *Art-Journal* gave ample testimony. They are partly from the journal of the museum, or an independent work called "Kunst und Leben der Vorzeit."

The first we adduce is the Knave of Bells (No. 1). His fixed eye, bent head, and raised hand evidently indicate the intensity of thought and action which a long arithmetical series requires.

The next (No. 2) is from a somewhat more modern pack, with the same fixedness of attention, to which the above remarks also therefore apply.

Both of these are of the suite of Bells, which is certainly one of the oldest known, but not necessarily therefore the very first types. It needs but little acquaintance with the earliest instances of the xylographic art to know how blundering are its first depicements of natural objects. It may have been



No. 2.

after various copies, when the true figure was lost, and the legend not regarded, the original turnip was changed into the bell, which again may have been suggestive of the frequent figures of fools, with their distinguishing costume—belled belts (*Schellen-tracht*),—whence, in the north, Robin Goodfellow has his name of Shelley Coat, or belled caps and hoods.

In the next figure (No. 3) the resemblance to the legend is somewhat obscured. As gnome-king, he has all the outward symbols, without which the commonalty could not frame its idea of sovereign power—the throne, and crown, and sceptre, here fashioned almost as a bird-bolt; but the fixed attitude, the ardent and uplifted hand, are here, as before, with the Bell Suit.



No. 3.

The following figure (No. 4) has the kingly dignity more elaborately drawn out; the throne and sceptre are both more developed, and the crown has perhaps the rudiments of our strawberry leaves; but even in this regal state, the attitude of deep attention and the

uplifted hand are still preserved: nor is the heart which typifies our modern suit abnormal, for I trust, when the suits are to be treated of, our modern Heart suit will only prove the *leaves* which were a necessary appendage to the *bnib*, and would therefore only be confirmatory of all the previous theory.

It is, however, not only on the vocabulary of cards that Rubenzahl's legend throws so much light, and will do more so subsequently,—other phrases of our language are best capable of illustration from it. Take for instance the word *jackanapes*. It is no wonder that Dr. Johnson, our great lexicographer, whose etymological element therein is woefully deficient, should have contented himself with a derivation from *jack* and *ape*, and a definition of a monkey, an ape, a coxcomb, &c.; but that Archdeacon Nares should have followed him in his excellent glossary is more astonishing, and more remarkable still for him to deny the near attempt of Rijnson and others to derive it from *Jack Napes*, a person never heard of. "I have no doubt the real derivation is *jack* and *ape*, as Johnson gave it. Mr. Todd does not appear to have observed, that in the instance which I have copied from him, it simply means an ape. Massinger coined the word *jane-an-apes*, as a jocular counterpart to *jack-an-apes*." (Bondm. iii. 2.) The passage cited by Todd, and referred to, is—

"Like a come aloft *jackanapes*."—Sheldon.

There is no doubt that words and phrases in our language, by the usages from which they spring



No. 4.

being forgotten, are misunderstood and taken in a wrong sense; none more so than words of vituperation and abuse, and a modern dictionary pointing out such solecisms is a great desideratum; but even in Todd's instance, Nares could have seen the germs of a better interpretation. When Massinger coined his *jane-an-apes*, he might have been cognisant of some now-forgotten English legend, which necessitated a female completive, as in the Bohemian tales the Princess Emma is necessary to fill up the point against the deluded Jack-o'-napes,—who is truly Rubenzahl, for my readers will have observed that this is only his nickname, his true designation being John, or, in the polite parlance of those who wished to avoid jeer or scathe in passing through his territory, "Sir John." At a distance he could be mouthed at and scoffed with impunity; and so, in our remote isle, nothing remained known of the famous gnome-king, the redoubtable Rubenzahl, but an opprobrious epithet, and the dim remembrance of a ludicrous mishap.

THE ART-UNION EXHIBITION.

THIS, the supplementary exhibition of the season, was held as usual in the gallery in Suffolk Street, the number of prizes being one hundred and forty-six. On recent occasions of this kind there has been a considerable show of small bronzes and Parian works, which, although well known, assisted the exhibition. These this season are absent, and are missed, not so much because the visitor might desire again to see them, as that the large room is spacious, and their places are not filled. The smaller room on the left hand contains a number of designs and drawings, the result of a competition instituted by the council of the society, who henceforth, with a view to assist in the cultivation of Fine Art, and the practice of design as applied to manufactures, propose to set apart the sum of £100 each year to be offered to the pupils of schools of design. The £100 which the Art-Union intend allotting in this direction will not be the least useful and productive item in their distribution. This, the first response to their proposition, is extremely meagre; but the premiums will stimulate the students, especially of the country schools.

The highest prize, £200, is represented by E. J. Cobbett's picture, 'Market-day.' There are two of £150 each, 'Lunato, on the Lago di Garda,' G. E. Hering, the price of which was £200, we may therefore suppose that the prizeholder paid the difference; the second is 'Go to Sleep,' a group in marble by J. Durham. The three prizes of £100 each are—'The Skylark,' J. A. Houston; 'Harvesting in the Vale of Conway,' W. F. Witherington, R.A., the price of which was £84; and 'Ruined Temples and Convent, Lago Maggiore,' G. Pettitt. There are five of £75 each—'The Fair Persian Tempting the Sheikh with Wine,' A. F. Patten, the price of which was £84; 'Evening on the Greta,' H. J. Boddington; 'Saarburg Castle,' G. C. Stanfield; 'Lerici, Gulf of Spezia,' T. L. Rowbotham, the price £80; and 'The Anxious Hour,' W. Underhill, the price £100. Of £60 each there are four prizes—'The Thames at Wargrave,' W. W. Goaling; 'The Hero of the Day,' F. B. Barwell, the price of which is £168, in this case, therefore, the prizeholder has paid £108; the third is 'Merchants Encamping on the Desert,' W. Luker; and the fourth 'The Angler's Haunt on the Dee,' J. C. Ward. The £40 prizes are—'Near Portmadoc, North Wales,' H. B. Willis; 'In Harvest Time,' O. Oakley; 'St. Ives' Pier and Harbour, Cornwall,' G. Wolfe; 'Mount's Bay, Cornwall,' S. P. Jackson; 'Cadgwith Cove, Cornwall,' J. G. Naish; 'The Mountain Path,' Walter Goodall; and 'Building a Rick,' F. W. Hulme.

The highest prize, 'Market-day,' E. J. Cobbett (5), is one of the artist's three or four figure pictures, with an open background. In 'Lunato, on the Lago di Garda,' G. E. Hering (34), the eye is less sensible of the paint than in any of Mr. Hering's late works; there is, after all, but little colour in nature, and the forms here suggest mountains and other objects without reminding us that they are only painted. 'Llugwy—A Bright Day in Autumn,' F. W. Hulme, is highly coloured, but it is not so much a study of colour as of form; the beauty of the tree forms cannot be surpassed. Mr. Hulme has another picture here, 'Building a Rick' (26), simply a farmyard, but remarkable for its play of light and shade. 'Near Portmadoc, North Wales,' H. B. Willis (36), contains a group of cows, disposed with more skill than we see commonly given to cattle groups in small pictures. Mr. G. C. Stanfield's 'Saarburg Castle' (95), is a subject extremely difficult to deal with, and by no means tempting; it exemplifies strongly the artist's resolute local colour, reality of form, and solidity of manner. No. 80, 'A Vale in Devon,' H. Jutsum. We compliment the prizeholder on his having discerned the merit of this picture at the height at which it was placed, near the ceiling, in the Royal Academy. 'The Harvest Field,' Sidney R. Percy, is not a sentimental scene, but it is a fresh reality; and by the same, 'A Mountain Tarn' (102), a small picture, is one of the best of Mr. Percy's minor mountain subjects. 'A Farmstead in Surrey,' James Peel (49), is a small picture, clean in touch, with a decisive definition of parts, without being broken up; there are also 'At Redhill, Surrey' (6),

J. J. Wilson; 'A Blowing Day,' A. Clint (9); 'The Stirrup Cap,' A. Cooper, R.A.; 'Summer Time,' Law Coppard (21); 'Pansies and Nest,' T. Worsey (28); 'A Windy Day on the Thames,' E. C. Williams (32); 'Fishing Boats off Hastings,' A. W. Williams (64); 'An English Farmyard,' J. F. Herring (68); 'A Welsh Mill' (91), B. W. Leader; 'Children and Rabbits' (114), A. Provis, &c.

To revert to the premiums offered for drawings and designs, the council are desirous of promoting the study of the human figure and animal forms, which they feel will give students a greater power in dealing with any material with which they may have to do. They consider this kind of study a preparation necessary to the improvement of ornamental art, and for raising the productions of England to successful competition with those of other countries.

We have, in every department of Art, continually advocated the study of the figure as a basis of accuracy. A student accustomed only to draw flowers, may draw their lines at will, or may, to a certain extent, augment or diminish their correlative parts without detection, but he cannot thus treat the outlines of the human figure; and practice under the rigid rule, which compels the line into one precise course, renders unsatisfactory everything short of scrupulous exactitude in drawing every other object. It might have been thought that the proposal of the Art-Union would have been met by a demonstration of greater significance than that here presented. Many of these drawings—especially some of the studies from the life—ought not to have been sent; they have all the crudity and inexactitude of a first essay, and it appears to us that the model has been placed too low. There is a study of a back in sepiæ, tolerable, but all the heads are more than faulty; in fact, masters, in publicly showing such drawings, are saying everything against themselves. Of these studies there are thirteen. Of four drawings of animals in water-colours two tigers are the best; there is a group of cows that, in "excellent wretchedness," beat everything that Turner or Claude ever did in this way—that may be taken as a compliment in one direction. A design for a vase by Rackstraw is well balanced in proportion and elegant in form; and a Renaissance tazza in plaster has much merit. Of the few furniture designs a Gothic bookcase, by Payne, is beautiful in composition as to all the panel carving, but the upper ornaments are slightly too heavy. The panelling and lower design of a sideboard by Rennison, of Paisley, is ingenious, though crushed by an enormous backboard. But we repeat that the proposal should have elicited a more worthy competition, yet it will be productive of infinite benefits.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since the foundation of this society, and we are justified in congratulating the council, and more especially Mr. G. Godwin and Mr. Lewis Pocock, who have filled the onerous duties of honorary secretaries during this lengthened period, on the result of their arduous, but most efficient, labours. It is no small matter for gentlemen, many of whom have professional duties to perform, to devote to other objects, in which they have no personal interest, so much time and attention as the management of such an institution as this requires—one whose operations extend, more or less, over the civilized globe. And who will venture to estimate the amount of good thus effected? how much money has this society been the means of circulating during these twenty-five years, giving profitable work to hundreds—cheering, oftentimes, the home of the artist when hope from other sources is gone, stimulating him to higher efforts, and smoothing his pathway to position and comfort? It may be all very well to affect a sneer at an exhibition of "Art-Union prizes," but the country would be a loser by its absence. The possession of a picture thus gained has formed, not unfrequently, the nucleus of a collection, inasmuch as it has created a desire, where none existed before, to buy others, and this desire has increased year by year—*vires eundo acquirit*—and has led to the improvement of taste in every way. The benefits conferred, therefore, by the Art-Union of London and other similar institutions take a far wider range than their own individual operations, and for this reason we heartily wish them to go on and prosper—*Esto perpetua*.

OBITUARY.

MRS. WELLS.

It is our painful duty to record the decease of Mrs. H. T. Wells, the wife of Mr. Wells, now the most eminent of our miniature painters. The sad event took place, unexpectedly, on the 15th of July. This lady's maiden name was Boyce—Johanna Mary Boyce—and from an early age she was gifted with a taste which stimulated her to the study and the practice of Art. At the age of eighteen she entered the school of Mr. Cary, and subsequently that of the late Mr. Leigh, from both of which many students have passed to the Royal Academy, and there she undoubtedly acquired that firm and definite manner that characterised all her works. Her earlier impressions inclined her to the feeling of the "Pre-Raphaelites," but in her later works the tendency has been much modified; and from the first to the last they evince a degree of enthusiasm and well-directed study beyond what is seen in the works of lady-artists generally. In 1855 she painted 'Elgiva,' a study of a head, for which she was so fortunate as to obtain a place in the exhibition of the Academy. In the September of the same year she visited Paris, and joined a ladies' class in the *atelier* of Couture, but after a few weeks' attendance was compelled by ill-health to relinquish her study under this painter, whose manner of Art is the very antipodes of what she had been ambitious of rivaling at home. It is probable that the difference observable in her works subsequent to this time, is due to her experience in the *atelier* of the French master. We say "master" because Couture is essentially a master in the proper sense. We have no masters; hence there is greater variety and freshness in our school than in any other where many study to paint like one. The next picture Miss Boyce offered as a contribution to the Academy was a version of a subject worthy of Maclise, being 'Rowena offering the Wassail Cup to Vortigern.' This, we are told, was a large picture, but it shared the fate of thousands—it was rejected; we may say "thousands," for even so numerous is the yearly surplus. In 1857 Miss Boyce went to Italy, and spent the summer of that year in Tuscany, visiting, of course, Florence and other cities of the then grand-duchy. Thence she proceeded to Rome, and of the party with whom she was travelling was Mr. Wells, to whom she was married in Rome, in December 1857. To every artist Rome suggests something that he or she regards as important—the suggestion is not unfrequently the pivot of a lifetime. Mrs. Wells made of course many sketches, and began a work here she called 'The Boy's Crusade,' which was hung in the Academy last year. At the end of March, 1858, says the *Critic*, she returned to England and commenced her picture 'Peep Bo!' exhibited this season in the Academy with two others, 'The Heather Gatherer,' and 'La Veneziana,' all productions of much excellence. During her periodical visits to the country she was still busy in her art, having painted on such occasions 'The Outcast,' 'Do I like Butter?' a study of a little girl making to herself the usual formal interrogation with a buttercup; and all these pictures successively, whether considered as matured studies or auxiliary sketches, evidence that advancement which is the certain result of such a degree of earnestness as that which supported Mrs. Wells in her labours.

This lady, it is said, has left behind her many sketches—promises of future works, which, judging from the progress of her brief career, must have been as much preferable to her late works as those were to the essays of her less mature time. One spoken very favourably of is an unfinished study of a German woman; another a Sibyl, very successful in elevation of expression; and her last completed picture is a Seraph's Head, most appropriate in conception.

During her residence in Paris, in 1855, Mrs. Wells contributed to the *Saturday Review* a notice of the French exhibition, and for the same journal she wrote, in 1856, a notice of the exhibition of the Academy of that year.

Mrs. Wells was in her thirtieth year, and her premature and unexpected death was the result of fever after giving birth to an infant.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—It is generally thought that the Fine Arts are particularly and liberally encouraged in France; the following remarks, made by M. Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, which recently appeared in the journal *Le Siècle*, will show the writer's opinion on that subject. Speaking on the grandeur acquired by a nation by the liberal encouragement of Art, he asks,—Does France encourage enough and in a right direction? that is the question: the answer he gives is,—France does too much and too little; prodigal to all that glitters and is ephemeral, parsimonious to all that is lasting; dancers get rich, learned men remain poor; sumptuous buildings, palaces, and museums are erected, whilst the collections they contain are left in penury. We find generally in the budgets of our great artistic establishments, scientific or literary, that a large part is absorbed by the expenses of administration and materials of all kinds; but that a miserably small portion is devoted to the maintenance of the various purposes of science, Art, or erudition, mostly desirable. It would thus appear that paintings, books, &c., are only of secondary consideration; and thus France is affronted to find her celebrated collections surpassed in foreign lands. Take the library of the British Museum, for example; each year is voted £20,000 for purchase of books and binding.* The *Bibliothèque Impériale* has for the same object about 50,000 francs (£2,000); the consequence is natural—all rare objects go to London. The greater part of the splendid books published in France would be wanting, were they not legally and gratuitously sent in by the *dépôt légal*.† The other collections, manuscripts, prints, antiquities, medals, &c., annexed to the *Bibliothèque*, are respectively as limited as the book department. There is scarcely a private collection of any note here but expends larger sums than our public establishments. The insufficiency of these sums is such, that the purchase of one or two paintings, or a small lot of manuscripts, absorbs a year's revenue; and when the purchase of a *chef-d'œuvre* is thought necessary (as in the case of the famous *Soult Murillo*), means must be sought for from other sources. In the present state of affairs, no doubt the state does much for Art in general, but not enough in order to maintain her high position in the civilized world: our national collections are not sufficiently supported, and must decline if a prompt remedy is not applied.—Van Os, the celebrated flower painter, whose works are almost as well known in England as in France, died here on the 23rd of July, at a very advanced age. He was born in Holland, but resided principally in Paris.

FLORENCE.—The government of the King of Italy has resolved to hold an Exhibition of Art and Industry at Florence, in the months of September and October. The exhibition will be divided into three departments—agricultural, industrial, and artistic. It is intended that Rome and Venice shall both be represented; and it is calculated there will be about 5,000 contributors. In the artistic department the works of artists deceased during the last twenty years will be exhibited, as well as those of living artists. The cousin of his Majesty, Prince Carignano, has accepted the presidency of the royal commission for the exhibition, assisted by the Marquis Ridolfi as acting president, and Professor Careza as secretary. His Majesty the King of Italy will open the exhibition in person. Manufacturers of agricultural implements, both English and others, are specially invited by the royal commission to send in specimens of their manufacture. Not only will a place be reserved for their reception and exhibition, but sales will be permitted. A new market is thus thrown open to a branch of industry in which the United Kingdom particularly excels.

TUNIS.—The memorial erected in this city to the late King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, was publicly unveiled on the 21st of July, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. Baron Ricca-soli was present, and addressed the assembled multitude. The monument is the work of Baron Marochetti, A.R.A. The king is represented on horseback, with his sword drawn, and in the act of calling the people to rally round him. The pedestal supporting this equestrian statue is of Scottish granite, beautifully polished, and rests upon a basement of the same material, the four sides of which each present a niche occupied by an allegorical statue, severally representing Italy,

Liberty, Justice, and the Martyrdom of Charles Albert in the cause of freedom. The basement rests on a vast plinth of greyish-blue granite, at the four corners of which stand as many bronze statues, representing different types of the Sardinian army—viz., an artilleryman, a lancer, a grenadier, and a *bersagliere*. The insignia of Grand Officer of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus was conferred upon the sculptor, who has recently, as our readers are aware, been elected into our Royal Academy. The baron has now been resident several years in England.

THE EAST INDIAN MUSEUM.

FIFE HOUSE, in Whitehall Gardens, is one of the few mansions on the banks of the Thames where once the noble enjoyed his *rus in urbe* among trees and flowers, and thus allowed the stream to retain something of its olden beauties. A line of such stately residences formerly extended from the Strand to Westminster, where coal-wharfs and warehouses now occupy their sites. Fife House has been reserved for better uses, and has recently been converted into a receptacle for the Museum once displayed in the East India House, in Leadenhall Street. After the British Museum, and that at South Kensington, had been allowed to select such objects as each needed, the remainder has been arranged in the various rooms of this mansion; they are consequently not so well displayed as they might be in a building expressly constructed for the purpose; a private house cannot be effectually converted into a museum by merely placing objects in it. Many of the rooms in Fife House are inconveniently crowded, and glass cases often obstruct each other in the centres of apartments much too small for their contents. But the collection was even worse seen in its original locality, and as this is a step in advance, it may end in finding a resting-place at last worthy of its importance.

A series of sculptures of a highly enriched and delicate character are at present placed at the sides of the garden walks. Some few, including two fine slabs from Nineveh, are placed against the walls. This is again the consequence of want of room, and is much to be deplored; as the ultimate destruction of these interesting works must result from their exposure to the smoke, fog, and damp of a London winter. A very few years ago, Assyrian Art was unknown, specimens were eagerly sought by European Museums, and to obtain them large cost and much travelling cheerfully submitted to; it is scarcely to be credited that fine examples are now to be allowed to crumble in the London air, like common grave stones in a churchyard. But the acts of the British government as regards Art have always been inscrutable.

The entrance hall of Fife House is occupied by a series of most interesting casts from the faces of various Indian tribes; here is also arranged a series of statues of men whose deeds in connection with India have made them famous. Over the mantelpiece are the fragments of the Roman Mosaic pavement found in Leadenhall Street, when the foundations for the India House were in course of excavation, showing that the ground had once been occupied by the residence of a wealthy citizen when Rome ruled England. The room adjoining is filled with sculptures; but all who remember them as they were arranged in Leadenhall Street, in an elegant apartment expressly designed for their due display, must regret the poverty of their present locality. They deserve a better fate. The extreme finish and beauty of the historic scenes from the temple in the ancient city of Amravati, in Guntoor, Madras, can scarcely be rivalled by other works of the year 1400, the period at which their execution has been fixed. The pierced stone lattice work in the centre of this room is also deserving of much attention, as well for the elaboration of its geometric design, as for the extreme accuracy of its manipulation; it is unique of its kind. In a recess opposite this room is a screen and door from Hyderabad, also worthy of the wood-carver's attention; both are enriched with a profuse amount of ornament, the dark woodwork of the door is lightened by the introduction of ivory in portions of the design.

The staircase and landing are hung with pictures of Indian scenery, and the room at the end of the house is devoted to a series of specimens of the soils and minerals of the country. The peacock lamps near

the windows are curious examples of native taste. The grand suite of apartments on this first floor are judiciously laid out, and increase in gorgeousness as the visitor walks through them. This is the *tour de force* of the Museum, and but for the prevailing fault of overcrowding is a decided success. The first room is devoted to specimens of the products of India, its woods, metals, silks, grain, fruits, &c. The second room is crammed with cases containing most beautiful examples of the wood and metal work, pottery and lacquered wares, produced by its patient and artistic workmen. The arms and armour on the walls are of the most sumptuous kind; and the untiring fertility of design and execution, as well as the delicacy of taste in the ornamental details, exhibited on the works in this room, will make it one of the most valuable to the Art-manufacturer. We now enter the grand saloon, and here we may be excused in directing a small amount of attention to the decoration of this apartment, which is very characteristic of the best Georgian era, the latter part of the last century. The circular end of this apartment has been shut off by glazed partitions, and converted into a gorgeous divan; it is roofed and walled with the most sumptuous silks and embroideries, and crowded with articles of furniture in ivory and wood loaded with elaborate enrichment. Upon the tables are filigree works in silver, ivory chessmen, and *articles de luxe*, displaying all the gorgeous abandon of Eastern wealth. The entire saloon is one dazzling display of gold and silver stuffs, rich muslins rendered gay by needlework, and the wings of the green beetles cut to fanciful forms and secured upon it. The royal dresses from Lucknow and Benares are the *ne plus ultra* of gorgeousness, and the state chair of Ranjeet Singh, obtained at Lahore, entirely composed of plates of gold, testifies to the love of lavish display characteristic of the native Indian princes. The more refined works of the goldsmiths and jewellers are displayed in the cases down the centre of this room, and deserve much attention. The chaste beauty of many of their designs is very remarkable, and we specially noted some neck ornaments of singular delicacy. There is one prevailing characteristic in all these works: however highly enriched by ornament or colour, the artisan has always had the good taste to preserve a subdued effect throughout, which is never gaudy, however brilliant his colour or gorgeous his design. This admirable result seems to be effected by the blending of colour in small portions only, and the adoption of small or interlaced patterns, whose golden meanders blend and harmonise the whole: it is instructive to study the truly regal repose that seems to pervade this collection of the best works from the looms of the East.

A small room leading from this saloon is filled with a curious collection of musical instruments, models of boats and carriages, and an interesting series of figures exhibiting the various artificers, &c., of India. The corridor is lined with paintings of sovereigns gorgeously dressed in all the splendour which surrounded the old royalties of India. Among them are very many portraits of great interest in an historic point of view: as pictures they display that thin colour and formal pose which is more characteristic of Eastern Art than pleasing to the European taste; but their merits and their faults are equally hidden where they are now placed.

From this gallery the visitor ascends to the upper floor, where the suite of small rooms is filled with cases, most ingeniously contrived to make the most of space, and display birds, beasts, fishes, and insects peculiar to India, or commonly met with there. We cannot attach much value to this collection, when we remember what is in the British Museum, scarcely a mile from it. Moreover it is grievously huddled in a labyrinthine series of small bed-rooms and closets, and consequently looks more valueless than it is. It is quite evident that if we intend to preserve our public collections, the time is not far distant when some good and comprehensive scheme must be carried out for their due preservation. As it is, London possesses several museums, and not even the grandest—the British Museum—is properly adapted for the display of its contents. The most interesting and valuable works are carelessly crammed in overcrowded cases, or treated as if they were comparatively valueless; and thus, with collections intrinsically finer than are possessed by many other nations, we make a worse show than many of those do, whose successful rivalry could not stand critical tests.

* We think M. de Lasteyrie has here formed far too high an estimate of the liberality of our House of Commons.—[Ed. A.J.]

† So indeed would the British Museum lack them, if the fear of Mr. Piazzi's legal adviser was not present to the mind of the English publisher when he sends forth his work.—[Ed. A.J.]

THE QUEEN AT KILLARNEY.

WHILE we write, the Queen, her Royal Consort, and their family, are enjoying the beauties of all-beautiful Killarney. No doubt the Irish Lakes will be the "fashionable" tour this year; our readers will permit us, therefore, once again, to direct attention to them.

The month of September is the best month of the year for visiting Ireland; the weather is generally fair, the humidity of the climate is not disagreeably felt, the days are not yet very short, and, especially at Killarney, the slightly-browned hues of the trees,—the mingled oak, holly, yew, and arbutus,—add greatly to the charms of the landscape. Those who have but a week to spare, will no doubt pass that week at Killarney; it will suffice for that locality; those who contemplate a month's sojourn in the country, may visit, during the period, most of its more prominent places—Dublin and Wicklow, the North and the Giant's Causeway, Connemara and the wild West, and the South with its numerous "attractions," including the Lakes of Killarney.

It is, we believe, impossible that any Tour in any part of the world can be more fruitful of enjoyment; the scenery is delicious, whether as regards passages of graceful loveliness or grandeur reaching sublimity. There is no sea-coast in Europe more grand than may be found in the north and in the west; at "the Killeries" in Galway, "Malbay" in Clare, along roads that lead to the renowned Causeway, and far away, almost from civilization, among the trackless wilds of Donegal. But within a few hours' drive of Killarney, round from Kinnaree to Dingle Harbour, the magnificence of the ocean-rocks that rise from the broad Atlantic and form the sides of huge mountains, is, perhaps, as wonderful as in any other part of Ireland; while the delicate charms of tree-clad fissures and graceful lakes, are more abundant in that neighbourhood than elsewhere. But these attractions of scenery grand or beautiful, or of both in happy unison, would require a volume and not a page for anything like an adequate description; and a volume we have given to them, to which we take the liberty to direct the attention of our readers* at this special season of the year, when all who have been

"Long in populous city pent,"

seek and require relaxation from labour of mind and body.

Our business is at this moment, however, solely with Killarney: our task is to induce Tourists to spend there the time they allot to pleasure or repose, who seek health or who desire to make acquaintance with a people full of character, often original, and always interesting.

There are no "bugbears" to be encountered in Ireland now-a-days; in reality there never were, to alarm or annoy a stranger; strangers were proverbially welcome there, and were always treated with kindness amounting to cordiality and hospitality rather oppressive than formal. The safety of travelling in Ireland has never been questioned; those who have gone through its byways, over its pathless mountains, through its trackless bogs, in all sorts of apparently inaccessible places, have ever reported that they were more "safe" in their journeys than they would have been travelling on foot from Hyde Park to Brentford.

But now even the trifling vexations that formerly stood in the way of tourists no longer exist. In every familiar district there are comfortable inns or hotels; the outside cars, by which all travellers should travel, are generally well "horsed" and driven by sober drivers,

while the beggars have become so scanty that one rather wishes to see them than to avoid them. The fields are better cultivated; rags are rare; the cottages are far more cleanly and wholesome than formerly; drunkenness is a vice that will seldom meet the eye, it has become "unfashionable;" that which was so long a glory and a distinction is now a degradation and a reproach. Of religious differences the tourist will hear little or see nothing, while the old talk about "repeal" is regarded as a mockery by all classes. In a word, every tourist in Ireland will like the country and the people: he will return from his visit, brief or prolonged, with feelings towards both akin to affection; prejudices will be altogether removed, hopes will be rightly excited, and it will not be difficult to foresee that Ireland is destined to become the right arm of England.

Yes; for every new visitor to Ireland, Ireland will obtain a new friend.

But our present purpose is limited to Killarney and the roads thither: these may be either from Dublin, Waterford, or Cork, *via* Holyhead, Milford, or Bristol, in large vessels that bridge the channel better than railways would do, if land and not sea divided the islands. All the railway companies issue tourists' tickets, and in no way will the journey be expensive; a very moderate sum indeed will suffice for the month. A railway runs direct for Killarney from either Dublin, Waterford, or Cork, but the traveller who is not "pressed for time" will not hurry through places on the way that will be full of interest and abundantly productive of pleasure. Ruins of venerable abbeys, ancient churches, and strong castles, all of which are renowned in history and rich in legends, will be met on every road—high-road or by-road—while hills and glens, and lakes and rivers, add everywhere to the charms of the picturesque.

The Tourist is at Killarney, having had a foretaste of the enjoyment in store for him. At either of the hotels that border the Lake he may be as comfortable as if he were in Bond Street, living in state or with reasonable economy, as he pleases. How we do envy him the pleasures of the morrow after his arrival, whether the day be spent on the water or on the shore: no matter who may be his guide, his boatman, or his driver, he is sure to have pleasant companions, though his choice must be the result of accident; and it is not likely he will have the services of Stephen Spillane, the best of all guides, for Stephen is now a small farmer, and will be a large one in course of time, although he loves his old "calling," and likes much to go over the old ground; but it must be with old friends—and they are many.

Yes, we may well envy the tourist at Killarney, writing as we are by lamp-light in the hot twilight. Especially may we envy him his first day, for it will probably be passed in the gap of Dunloe, gazing down the black valley, and boating through the three lakes, encountering the perils of the "rush" under Bricken Bridge, resting at beautiful Gleva, and listening for an hour or more to the marvellous echoes underneath the eagle's nest.

Or it may be that the day will be occupied in visiting the "islands," of which so many of all forms and sizes grace the Upper and the Lower Lake, fair Inisfallen foremost among them all.

Or the day may be devoted to a drive to the View Rock, whence a view is obtained of the whole of the wonderful scenery—the mountains, and the valleys, and the lakes, with the small river that, formed by a thousand hill streams, glides through them into the broader river that carries the surplus water into the Atlantic.

Or the woods and waterfalls may be the objects of choice on the first day. "Tore" will not be full, for the weather will be fine, yet it cannot fail to yield a delicious treat, not-

withstanding, for the water will rush downwards among richly-covered rocks, where varied lichens luxuriate, and at the feet of which grow gigantic ferns.

Or it may be that, slighting these easily accessible pleasures, the tourist will undertake the ascent of Mangerton; nay, if a bold walker and in rude health he may essay Carran Tuel, the highest mountain in Ireland. If he be not strong, he will, no doubt, prefer a pensive ramble among the ruins of melancholy Mucross, one of the most picturesque and beautiful of all the venerable ruins of Ireland.

To give even a bare idea of the many sources from which the tourist at Killarney will derive intense enjoyment, would be to occupy more space than we can allot to a subject of which the mind and heart of the writer are full. We know every step he will take, every spot is familiar to us; not only every

"Dingle and bosky dell,"

but every rock and hedgerow, nay, almost every stone.

If any of our readers are induced by our enthusiastic love of the "Lakes" to visit them, sure we are he will thank us for having guided his steps thither: let his expectations be raised ever so high, there will be no disappointment. Nay, if he has been half over Europe, he will say he has seen no place so beautiful—no place that can be seen from the sunrise to the sunset of a single day.

BOOKBINDING AND DECORATIVE WORKS IN STAINED LEATHER.

CHEMISTRY now is doing even more than enabling artist-manufacturers to command agencies and means of action, until very recently unknown, and almost if not altogether unsuspected. The same subtle and versatile science takes in hand its own beneficent discoveries, and teaches us how to apply them in the production of works that combine the greatest beauty with the most valuable utility. In no instance has this practical working of chemistry in the industrial arts been more happily exhibited in action than in the new processes, discovered and patented by Mr. Charles Tuckett, junior, for the decoration of leather to be used in bookbinding, and which may also be applied to a variety of other decorative purposes. Some sixteen years ago, Mr. Tuckett attracted our attention by the publication of the commencement of a serial illustrative of the higher branches of his own business, that of a bookbinder. The work was admirably executed, as it was ably conceived; but being (as then it was) far in advance of the Art-feeling of the time, it brought its author a considerable pecuniary loss, however honourably it might have distinguished his reputation. Since 1851, things have assumed a fresh and more encouraging aspect. The Arts now have entered into a strict alliance with manufactures, and the happy effects of this most natural of confederacies are continually becoming more decidedly and more beneficially apparent. The time probably may now be considered to have arrived in which Mr. Tuckett's publication upon decorative bookbinding might prove in every respect to be successful. Mr. Tuckett himself has not been discouraged by the issue of his former experiment, but has wisely availed himself of every opportunity for making himself more thoroughly master of his art; and his success has been such as must be most gratifying to himself, as it claims from us a warm and cordial expression of our own admiration. As bookbinder to the British Museum, Mr. Tuckett has both enjoyed many advantageous facilities for improving his own knowledge as well of the theory as of the practice of his art, and he has met with encouragements to aim at elevating the style and character of modern bookbinding. Mr. Tuckett called chemistry to his aid, and the great science listened favourably to the call. By means of chemical agents, simple in their kind and in their mode of action, and at the same time producing results

* "A Week at Killarney," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Published by J. S. Virtue: Ivy Lane and City Road, London.

that are both beautiful and diversified and also permanent, Mr. Tuckett may be said to have created a new era in the use of decorative leather. Instead of the costly and always insecure inlays of leathers of different colours, and different tints of the same colour, the new process obtains every variety of colour and tint by direct chemical action upon one and the same piece of leather. Any design whatever can be executed in any required colour or combination of colours in a single piece of leather, and the application of tooling and edgings in gold completes this truly beautiful and most artistic work.

It will be understood that the process to which we advert is exceedingly simple. A book is bound in leather of some single colour—say a dark green; upon this, as upon a groundwork, the desired design, that is to be produced in a pale bright green, is marked out. This design is acted upon by such a chemical agent as will set free certain components of the darker tint. Or, if a variety of colours should be desired, greens, reds, greys, blues, and browns in endless tints and shades are readily obtained by the same means, acids and alkalis being severally employed, as their action will either remove or produce what is required to undergo a change and to assume fresh conditions. The new tints obtained from coal-tar—the magenta, the azurine, and their modifications, Mr. Tuckett produces with the most striking effect upon white Morocco. These are the most recent of his experiments, and they have not yet been applied in actual practice: their success, however, is certain and complete. It is no less certain that the same principle admits of application under numerous modifications, all of which have yet to be both devised and subjected to experiment.

Mr. Tuckett's processes and his productions we have ourselves most carefully examined, and we recommend them to the attention of our readers with unqualified confidence. For bookbinding purposes of every kind, the variously coloured leather is really invaluable; and not only does it enable the book-binder to produce work of a very superior character at a comparatively small cost, but it also opens before him a wide range of fresh operations. He thus may make bookbinding an Art-manufacture as popular, as it is capable of attaining to the very highest excellence. The finest productions of the old bookbinders (such, for example, as we admired so much at the wonderful *conversations* at Ironmongers' Hall) will find rivals, and superiors also, amongst the works that may be achieved by the new process; and these most beautiful works will no longer be exclusively the privilege of the wealthy, but will be available also by purchasers and lovers of books of every degree. Nor is the process as applied to leather by any means restricted to its primary use in bookbinding. The leather, with its varied colours and tints, is applicable for every variety of decorative requirement. In cabinet-makers' productions, in particular, it may be introduced with admirable effect. Library tables, and ladies' work-tables, may be most effectively covered with the adorned leather. It might be placed in panels in cabinets of every kind, and thus become a new feature in furniture. Of course chairs, &c., might be covered with it. In fact, it would be difficult to assign a limit to the appropriate and effective application of Mr. Tuckett's process. It would be invaluable for all such decorative stationery as writing and envelope-cases, &c. We now are merely making suggestions in the most general manner; the subject, however, is one for thoughtful and well-matured consideration. In this age of enterprise, so valuable a new material (for it is in fact a new material) cannot fail to have its capabilities searched out, and brought to bear in actual use. We are surprised to find that Mr. Tuckett's process has not already been made available by cabinet-makers and upholsterers, and by many other artist manufacturers, such as coach-builders and harness makers, and others.

To Mr. Tuckett himself we would suggest that he should proceed to develop the capabilities of modern bookbinding, by introducing a fresh class of designs in association with his beautiful new process of decorative colouring. There is an ample field yet before him, in which he will find that hitherto untried designs will co-operate effectively with the chemical agencies and the skilful manipulation that he knows so well how to direct, in producing far greater triumphs in the art of bookbinding than have ever yet been accomplished; and, while we lavish so

much of careful attention upon the paper and the type of our books, and upon the illustrative engravings that we associate with them, their binding may no less consistently claim from us its own becoming share of our concern. The binding is the robe of honour in which we invest a noble book, and upon the binding we impress its external insignia of rank and merit. Mr. Tuckett has shown us how the binding of our books may be uniformly and habitually made far more worthy of its office than it ever was enabled to become before, save under most exceptional conditions; and we shall not fail to support him in his efforts to give full effect to his felicitous invention. In concluding our present notice of his processes and their application, we must suggest to Mr. Tuckett to substitute some other term in the place of the word "stained" in his description of his bookbinding. He does not stain the leather, as "staining" is generally understood. This expression leads to very unworthy conceptions of the chemically coloured leather. Perhaps, under all circumstances, the term *enamelled* might be appropriately used, and Mr. Tuckett might entitle his productions, works in *enamel-coloured leather*, not *medieval cuir bouilli* revived, but *modern cuir emaille*—an invention patented and perfected by a living and working Englishman of the present day.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland.—The twenty-seventh annual general meeting of the supporters of this institution was held lately in Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh. The walls were hung with the pictures appropriated as prizes, and a large attendance of subscribers attested the interest felt in the business of the day, over which Sir John McNeill presided. The report stated that the amount of subscriptions for the past year had reached £5,185, of which £2,024 had been set apart for the purchase of works of Art, consisting of five pictures painted expressly for the society by Messrs. G. Harvey, H. Macculloch, J. Archer, E. Nicol, and A. H. Burr, illustrative of five songs of Burns; and forty-seven paintings, seven water-colour drawings, and one marble bust, selected from the last exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy.—The Board of Manufactures intend to open an exhibition of industrial and decorative Art, on Wednesday, the 20th November next, in the National Gallery, within the suite of galleries forming the east side of that building. Mr. W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A., has been appointed Art superintendent of the exhibition.

PLYMOUTH.—The ceremony of presenting to the Plymouth and Cottonian Library the bust of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to which reference was made in a previous number, took place on the 23rd of July. A numerous company assembled to witness the proceedings, which were presided over by Mr. Reynolds Gwatkin, one of the nearest surviving relations of the great painter. Addresses suitable to the occasion were delivered by the chairman, Mr. William Cotton, the liberal donor of the "Reynolds" Collection in the library, who originated the subscription for the bust, and Mr. Tom Taylor. The head is the work of Mr. Behnes, after one of Reynolds taken when in Italy by an Italian sculptor: it represents the painter as a young man, but, judging from a photograph in our possession, it has all the character of the features familiar to us by the portraits painted of him in after life.

NONWICH.—The Builder states that,—"The repairs of St. George's Church have brought to light what is called a fresco, representing the renowned fight between St. George and the Dragon—a subject which has a local association, St. George being the tutelary saint of the city, and patron of a once flourishing civic company. The painting, which in all probability is of the date of the middle of the fifteenth century, was discovered on the removal of the organ at the west end of the north aisle, for the purpose of cleaning the wall. The figures are life-size, and the colours and drawing are good."

LINCOLN.—An exhibition of "Arts, Science, and Manufactures," was opened here last month in a large building erected for the purpose, which is well filled with works of Art of various kinds, carving, decorated furniture, pottery, objects of natural history, &c. &c., aided by a collection of antiquarian relics, &c., from the Kensington Museum.

THE ANGELS

(LIFE, DEATH, AND THE RESURRECTION).
FROM THE MONUMENT BY M. NOBLE.

ONE of the most pleasing and picturesque features of English landscape is to be found in the village church, whose square, embattled tower, or tapering spire, stands prominently above the mass of green which generally hides the body of the edifice from the traveller's view. These sacred buildings seem, as we pass them on the road, to be, as it were, resting-spots on the journey of life—places where one may sit down and meditate on what we are, and whither we are going: their seclusion and quiet, even externally, are suggestive of thought and repose, and if we enter them, everything around, from its general simplicity of character, and the entire absence of opposing influences, assists in this abstraction of feeling from the outer world.

Few individuals, except the archaeologist or one whose taste inclines him to search into the interior of these old rural churches, have an idea how many of them contain productions of Art worthy of examination—quaint carvings in wood and stone, and sepulchral memorials reared by the love of survivors, and sculptured by the hand of genius. In obscure places, which, even in these days of universal locomotion, are rarely trodden by the foot of the stranger, may be seen one or more beautiful works that would repay a pilgrimage to visit. Some of the productions of our best sculptors, from the days of Banks, Bacon, and Roubiliac, to our own, are thus hidden in localities comparatively unknown. We have often, in our country rambles, been surprised and delighted by an unexpected meeting with some fine piece of sculptured Art, of which the world has heard little or nothing perhaps: half a century hence, probably, some stranger may enter the little church of Ashley, in the county of Staffordshire, and feel thus as he stands before Mr. Noble's expressive monument, forming the subject of the annexed engraving.

It is a tribute to the memory of the late Thomas Kinnersley, Esq., raised by the affection of his sister, Miss Kinnersley. The figures are life-size, are "in the round," and executed in the purest white Carrara marble, relieved by a background of the best light grey Sicilian marble; the whole monument is fourteen feet high, by nine feet wide at the base, and may be thus described:—

The left seated figure represents Death; symbolised by the drooping head, closed eyes, and inverted torch: the last is concealed in the engraving by the position of the figure. Opposed to this is the angel of Life, her head erect, her face beaming with brightness and intelligence, and supporting with both hands a lighted torch, denoting the flame of life. The crowning figure, standing, and with uplifted eyes, is the angel of the Resurrection, waiting, as it would seem, the Divine command to summon the sleeping dead to wake and arise:—"For the trumpet shall sound. . . . And the Lord God will swallow up Death in victory. . . . And will wipe away all tears from off all faces." The three figures rest on a mass of rock, typical of the "Rock of ages," the refuge of the Christian, in front of which is the cross, with the sacred monogram.

The two lower figures wear on their respective foreheads a wreath of asphodels and one of amaranths. Longfellow has an allusion to these floral emblems in his exquisite poem entitled "The Two Angels":—

"Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses, heaved with plumes of smoke.
Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light."

In the design of this monument the sculptor has aimed to give to his work a simple, elevating character: the quiet, dreamless sleep of Death, the beauty and animation of restored Life, the hope of a joyful Resurrection. The idea is felicitous, and is successfully carried out: but had the inner lines of the wings of the lower angels been somewhat less regular, it would be an improvement, for as they now are they give to the figures an appearance of being seated in shells.



THE ANGELS.

(LIFE. DEATH. THE RESURRECTION.)

ENGRAVED BY R. A. ARTLETT. FROM THE MONUMENT BY M. NOBLE



THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XX.



THE Harlem River (called *Mus-coo-ta* by the Indians), which extends from Kingsbridge to the strait between Long Island Sound and New York Bay, known as the East River, has an average width of 900 feet. In most places it is bordered by narrow marshy flats, with high hills immediately behind. The scenery along its whole length, to the villages of Harlem and Mott Haven, is picturesque. The roads on both shores afford pleasant drives; and fine country seats and ornamental pleasure-grounds add to the landscape beauties of the river. A line of small steamboats, connecting with the city, traverse its waters, the head of navigation being a few yards above Post's Century House. The tourist will find much pleasure in a voyage from the city through the East and Harlem Rivers.

The "High Bridge," or aqueduct over which the waters of the Croton flow from the main land to Manhattan Island, crosses the Harlem River at 178th Street. It is built of granite. The aqueduct is 1,450 feet in length, and rests upon arches supported by fourteen piers of heavy masonry. Eight of these arches are eighty feet span, and six of them fifty feet. The height of the bridge, above tide water, is 114 feet. The structure originally cost about a million of dollars. Pleasant roads on both sides of the Harlem lead to the High Bridge, where full entertainment for man and horse may be had. The "High Bridge" is a place of great resort in pleasant weather for those who love the road and rural scenery.

A broad, macadamized avenue, called the "Kingsbridge Road," leads from the upper end of York Island to Manhattanville, where it connects with and is continued by the "Bloomingdale Road," in the direction of the city. The drive over this road is very agreeable. The winding avenue passes through a narrow valley, part of the way between rugged hills, only partially divested of the forest, and ascends to the south-eastern slope of Mount Washington (the highest land on the island), on which stands the village of Carmansville. At the upper end of this village, on the high rocky bank of the Harlem River, is a fine old mansion, known as the "Morris House," now the residence of the widow of Aaron Burr, vice-president of the United States, but better known as Madame Jumel, the name of her first husband. The mansion is at One



THE HIGH BRIDGE.*

Hundred and Sixty-ninth Street. It is surrounded by highly ornamented grounds, and its situation is one of the most desirable on the island. It commands a fine view of the Harlem River at the High Bridge, to the village of Harlem and beyond;† also of Long Island Sound, the villages of Astoria and Flushing, and the green fields of Long Island. Nearer are seen Harlem Plains, and the fine new bridge at Macomb's Dam. This house was built before the old war for independence, by Roger Morris, a fellow-soldier with Washington

* This view is from the grounds in front of the dwelling of Richard Carman, Esq., former proprietor of all the land whereon the village of Carmansville stands. He is still owner of a very large estate in that vicinity.

† Harlem, situated on the Harlem River, between the Eighth Avenue and East River, was an early settlement on the island of Manhattan, by the Dutch. It is now a flourishing village, chiefly bordering the Third Avenue.

on the field of Monongohela, where Braddock fell, in the summer of 1755. Morris was also Washington's rival in a suit for the heart and hand of Mary, the heir of the lord of Philipse's Manor.* Like his brother-in-law, Beverly Robinson, Morris adhered to the crown after the American colonies declared themselves independent in 1776. When, in the autumn of that year, the American army under Washington encamped upon Harlem Heights, and occupied Fort Washington near, Morris fled for safety to Robinson's house in the Highlands, and Washington occupied his elegant mansion as his headquarters for awhile. The house is preserved in its original form and materials, excepting where external repairs have been necessary.

At the lower extremity of Carmansville, and about a mile above Manhattanville, is a most beautiful domain, as yet almost untouched by the hand of change. It is about eight miles from the heart of the city, completely embowered, and



VIEW ON WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

presenting a pleasing picture at every point of view. This was the home of General Alexander Hamilton, one of the founders of the Republic, and is one of the few "undecorated" dwelling-places of the men of the last century, to be found on York Island. Near the centre of the ground stands the house Hamilton built for his home, and which he named "The Grange," from the residence of his grandfather, in Ayrshire, Scotland. Then it was completely in the country—now it is surrounded by the suburban residences of the great city. It is situated about half-way between the Hudson and Harlem Rivers, and is reached from the Kingsbridge road by a gravelled and shaded walk. Near the house is a group of thirteen trees, planted by Hamilton himself, the year before he was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr, and named, respectively, after the original thirteen States of the Union. All of them are straight, vigorous trees, but one, and that, tradition says, he chanced to name *South Carolina*. It is crooked in trunk and branches, and materially disfigures the group. It well typifies the state of *South Carolina* in its past and present history—always crooked, always discontented and turbulent, and now a disgrace to the Republic, as the mother of the chief conspirators who, this year (1861), have sought to overthrow the government of the United States, and establish upon its ruins the despotism of an irresponsible oligarchy, whose basis is HUMAN SLAVERY!

The "Grange" is upon an elevation of nearly 200 feet above the rivers, and commands, through vistas, delightful views of Harlem River and Plains, the East River and Long Island, and the fertile fields of Lower Westchester. It is just within the outer lines of the entrenchments thrown up by the Americans in 1776, and is in the midst of the theatre of the stirring events of that year.

We have now fairly entered upon Manhattan Island, in our journeyings from the Wilderness to the Sea, and are rapidly approaching the commercial

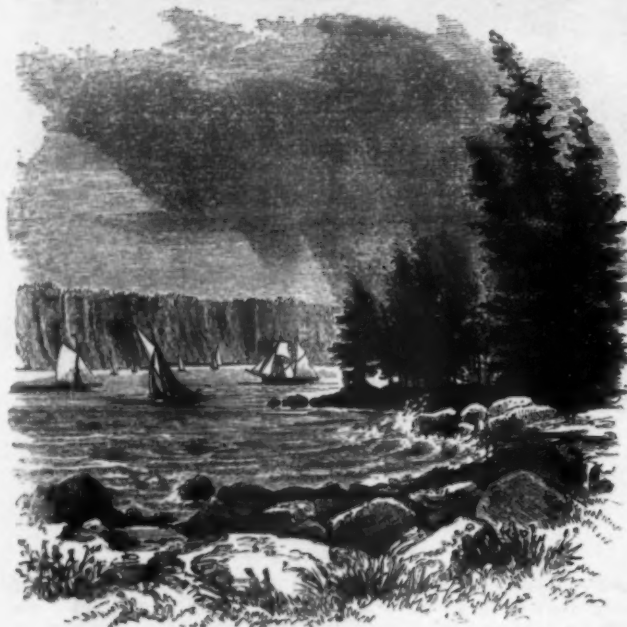
* In February, 1756, Colonel Washington went to Boston to confer with Governor Shirley about military affairs in Virginia. He stopped in New York on his return, and was then the guest of Beverly Robinson. Mrs. Robinson's sister, Mary Philipse, was also a guest there, in the summer-time. Her bright eyes, blooming cheeks, great vivacity, perfection of person, aristocratic connexions, and prospective wealth, captivated the young Virginia soldier. He lingered in her presence as long as duty would permit; and would gladly have carried her with him to Virginia as his bride; but his extreme diffidence kept the momentous question unspoken, and Roger Morris, his fellow aide-de-camp in Braddock's military family, bore off the prize.

metropolis of the country, seated upon its southern portion, where the waters of the Hudson, the East, and the Passaic Rivers commingle in the magnificent harbour of New York.

This island—purchased by the Dutch of the painted savages, only two centuries and a half ago, for the paltry sum of twenty-four dollars, paid in traffic at a hundred per cent. profit—contains tenfold more wealth, in proportion to its size, than any other on the face of the globe. It is thirteen and a-half miles long, and two and a-half miles wide at its greatest breadth. It was originally very rough and rocky, abounding in swamps and conical hills, alternating with fertile spots.

Over the upper part of the island are many pleasant roads not yet straightened into rectangular streets, and these afford fine recreative drives for the citizens, and stirring scenes with the lovers of fast horses who abound in the city. The latter are seen in great numbers in these thoroughfares every pleasant afternoon, when "Young America" takes an airing.

Before making excursions over these ways, and observing their surroundings, let us turn aside from the Kingsbridge Road, in the direction of the Hudson, and, following a winding avenue, note some of the private rural residences that cover the crown and slopes of old Mount Washington, now called Washington Heights. The villas are remarkable for the taste displayed in their architecture, their commanding locations, and the beauty of the surrounding grounds derived from the mingled labour of Art and Nature. As we approach the river the hills become steeper, the road more sinuous, the grounds more wooded, and the general scenery on land and water more picturesque. One of the most charming of these landscapes, looking in any direction, may be found upon the road just above the Washington Heights railway station, near the delightful residence of Thomas Ingraham, Esq. In our little sketch we are



JEFFERY'S HOOK.

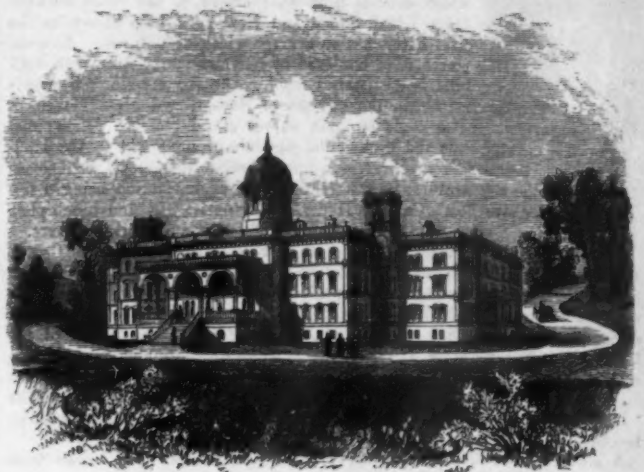
looking up the road, and the slopes of the beautiful lawn in front of his house. Turning half round, we have glimpses of the Hudson, and quite extended views of the bold scenery about Fort Lee, on the opposite shore.

Following this road a few rods further down the heights, we reach the station-house of the Hudson River Railway, which stands at the southern entrance to a deep rock excavation through a point of Mount Washington, known for a hundred years or more as Jeffery's Hook. This point has an interesting revolutionary history in connection with Mount Washington. At the beginning of the war, the great value, in a strategic point of view, of Manhattan Island, and of the river itself—in its entire length to Fort Edward—as a dividing line between New England and the remainder of the colonies, was fully appreciated by the contending parties. The Americans adopted measures early to secure these, by erecting fortifications. Mount Washington (so named at that time) was the most elevated land upon the island, and formidable military works of earth and stone were soon erected upon its crown and upon the heights in the vicinity from Manhattanville to Kingsbridge. The principal work was Fort Washington. The citadel was on the crown of Mount Washington, overlooking the country in every direction, and comprising within the scope of vision the Hudson from the Highlands to the harbour of New York. The citadel, with the outworks, covered several acres between One Hundred and Eighty-first and One Hundred and Eighty-sixth Streets.

On the point of the chief promontory of Mount Washington jutting into the Hudson, known as Jeffery's Hook, a strong redoubt was constructed, as a cover to *cheveux-de-frise* and other obstructions placed in the river between that point and Fort Lee, to prevent the British ships going up the Hudson. The remains of this redoubt, in the form of grassy mounds covered with small cedars, are prominent upon the point, as seen in the engraving above. The ruins of Fort Washington, in similar form, were also very conspicuous until within a few years, and a flag staff marked the place of the citadel. But the ruthless hand of pride, forgetful of the past, and of all patriotic allegiance to the most

cherished traditions of American citizens, has levelled the mounds, and removed the flag-staff; and that spot, consecrated to the memory of valorous deeds and courageous suffering, must now be sought for in the kitchen-garden or ornamental grounds of some wealthy citizen, whose choice celery or bed of verbenas has greater charms than the green sward of a hillock beneath which reposes the dust of a soldier of the old War for Independence!

"Soldiers buried here?" inquires the startled resident. Yes; your villa, your garden, your beautiful lawn, are all spread out over the dust of soldiers; for all over these heights the blood of Americans, Englishmen, and Germans flowed freely in the autumn of 1776, when the fort was taken by the British,



ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

after one of the hardest struggles of the war. More than two thousand Americans were captured, and soon filled the loathsome prisons and prison-ships of New York.

Near the river-bank, on the south-western slope of Mount Washington, is the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, one of several retreats for the unfortunate situated upon the Hudson shore of Manhattan Island. It is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the United States, the act of the legislature of New York incorporating it being dated on the day (April 15, 1817) when the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford, Connecticut, was opened. The illustrious De Witt Clinton was the first president of the asso-



ATTORNEY'S RESIDENCE.

ciation. Its progress was slow for several years, when, in 1831, Mr. Harvey P. Peet was installed executive head of the asylum, as principal: he infused life into the institution immediately. Its affairs are still administered by his skilful and energetic hand. His services have been marked, during thirty years, by the most gratifying results. In 1845, the title of president was conferred upon Mr. Peet, and three or four years later he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. He is at the head of instruction and of the family in the institution. Under his guidance many of both sexes, shut out from participation in the intellectual blessings which are vouchsafed to well-

developed humanity, have been, as it were, newly created, and made to experience, in a degree, the sensations of Adam, as described by Milton:—

"Straight towards heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
And gazed awhile the ample sky, till raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapses of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that lived, and moved, and walked, or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran,
With supple joints, as lively vigour led;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tried, and forthwith spoke
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
Whatever I saw."

The situation of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb is a delightful one. The lot comprises thirty-seven acres of land, between the Kingsbridge Road and the river, about nine miles from the New York City Hall. The buildings, five in number, form a quadrangle of 240 feet front, and more than 300 feet in depth; they are upon a terrace 127 feet above the river, and are surrounded by fine old trees and a shrubbery. The buildings are capable of accommodating four hundred and fifty pupils, with their teachers and superintendents, and the necessary domestics.

In the midst of a delightful grove of forest trees, a short distance below the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, is the dwelling of the late J. J. Audubon, the eminent naturalist, where some of his family still reside. Only a few years ago it was as secluded as any rural scene fifty miles from the city; now, other dwellings are in the grove, streets have been cut through it, the suburban village of Carmansville has covered the adjacent eminence, and a station of the Hudson River Railway is almost in front of the dwelling.

Audubon was one of the most remarkable men of his age, and his work on the "Birds of America" forms one of the noblest monuments ever made in commemoration of true genius.* He was the son of a French admiral, who settled in Louisiana, and his whole life was devoted to his favourite pursuit. The story of that life is a record of acts of highest heroism, and presents a most remarkable illustration of the triumphs of perseverance.

A writer who visited Mr. Audubon not long before his death, in 1851, has left the following pleasant account of him and his residence near Mount Washington:—

"My walk soon brought a secluded country house into view,—a house not entirely adapted to the nature of the scenery, yet simple and unpretending in its architecture, and beautifully embowered amid elms and oaks. Several graceful fawns, and a noble elk, were stalking in the shade of the trees, apparently unconscious of the presence of a few dogs, and not caring for the

elks hung upon the walls, stuffed birds of every description of gay plumage ornamented the mantel-piece, and exquisite drawings of field-mice, orioles, and woodpeckers, were scattered promiscuously in other parts of the room, across one end of which a long rude table was stretched, to hold artists' materials, scraps of drawing-paper, and immense folio volumes, filled with delicious paintings of birds taken in their native haunts.

"This," said I to myself, "is the studio of the naturalist," but hardly had the thought escaped me when the master himself made his appearance. He was a tall, thin man, with a high, arched, and serene forehead, and a bright, penetrating, grey eye; his white locks fell in clusters upon his shoulders, but they



MANHATTANVILLE FROM CLAREMONT.

were the only signs of age, for his form was erect, and his step as light as that of a deer. The expression of his face was sharp, but noble and commanding; and there was something in it, partly derived from the aquiline nose, and partly from the shutting of the mouth, which made you think of the imperial eagle.

"His greeting, as he entered, was at once frank and cordial, and showed you the sincere, true man. 'How kind it is,' he said, with a slight French accent, and in a pensive tone, 'to come to see me, and how wise, too, to leave that crazy city!' He then shook me warmly by the hand. 'Do you know,' he continued, 'how I wonder that men can consent to swelter and fret their lives away amid those hot bricks and pestilent vapours, when the woods and fields are all so near? It would kill me soon to be confined in such a prison-house; and when I am forced to make an occasional visit there, it fills me with loathing and sadness. Ah! how often, when I have been abroad on the mountains, has my heart risen in grateful praise to God that it was not my destiny to waste and pine among those noisome congregations of the city!'"

Audubon died at the beginning of 1851, at the age of seventy-one years. His body was laid in a modest tomb in the beautiful Trinity Cemetery, near his dwelling. This burial-place, deeply shaded by original forest trees and varieties that have been planted, affords a most delightful retreat on a warm summer's day. It lies upon the slopes of the river bank. Foot-paths and carriage-roads wind through it in all directions, and pleasant glimpses of the Hudson may be caught through vistas at many points. In the south-western extremity of the grounds, upon a plain granite doorway to a vault, may be seen, in raised letters, the name of AUDUBON.

The drive from Trinity Cemetery to Manhattanville is a delightful one. The road is hard and smooth at all seasons of the year, and is shaded in summer by many ancient trees that graced the forest. From it frequent pleasant views of the river may be obtained. There are some fine residences on both sides of the way, and evidences of the sure but stealthy approach of the great city are perceptible.

Manhattanville, situated in the chief of the four valleys that cleave the island from the Hudson to the East River, now a pleasant suburban village, is destined to be soon swallowed by the approaching and rapacious town. Its site on the Hudson was originally called Harlem Cove. It was considered a place of strategic importance in the war for independence and the war of 1812; and at both periods fortifications were erected there to command the pass from



VIEW IN TRINITY CEMETERY.

numerous turkeys, geese, and other domestic animals that gobbled and screamed around them. Nor did my own approach startle the wild, beautiful creatures that seemed as docile as any of their tame companions.

"Is the master at home?" I asked of a pretty maid-servant who answered my tap at the door, and who, after informing me that he was, led me into a room on the west side of the broad hall. It was not, however, a parlour, or an ordinary reception-room that I entered, but evidently a room for work. In one corner stood a painter's easel, with a half-finished sketch of a beaver on the paper; on the other lay the skin of an American panther. The antlers of

* In this magnificent work pictures of birds, the natural size, are given in four hundred and eighty-eight plates. It was completed in 1844; Baron Cuvier said of it,—"It is the most gigantic and most magnificent monument that has ever been erected to Nature."

the Hudson to Harlem Plains, to whose verge the little village extends. Upon the heights near, the Roman Catholics have two flourishing literary institutions, namely, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, for girls, and the Academy of the Holy Infant, for boys.

Upon the high promontory overlooking the Hudson, on the south side of Manhattanville, is Jones's Claremont Hotel, a fashionable place of resort for the pleasure-seekers who frequent the Bloomingdale and Kingsbridge roads on pleasant afternoons: at such times it is often thronged with visitors, and presents a lively appearance. The main, or older portion of the building, was erected, I believe, by the elder Dr. Post, early in the present century, as a summer residence, and named by him Claremont. It still belongs to the Post family. It was an elegant country mansion, upon a most desirable spot, overlooking many leagues of the Hudson. There, about fifty years ago, lived Viscount Courtenay, afterwards Earl of Devon. He left England, it was reported, because of political troubles. When the war of 1812 broke out, he returned, leaving his furniture and plate, which were sold at auction; the latter is preserved with care by the family of the purchasers. Courtenay was a great "lion" in New York; he was a handsome bachelor, with title, fortune, and reputation—a combination of excellences calculated to captivate the heart-desires of the opposite sex.

Claremont was the residence, for awhile, of Joseph Buonaparte, ex-king of Spain, when he first took refuge in the United States, after the battle of Waterloo and the downfall of the Napoleon dynasty. Here, too, Francis James Jackson, the successor of Mr. Erskine, the British minister at Washington at the opening of the war of 1812, resided a short time. He was familiarly known as "Copenhagen Jackson," because of his then recent participation in measures for the seizure of the Danish fleet. He was politically and socially unpopular, and presented a strong contrast to the polished Courtenay.



CLAREMONT.

Manhattanville is the northern termination of the celebrated Bloomingdale Road, which crosses the island diagonally from Union Square at Sixteenth Street, to the high bank of the Hudson at One Hundred and Fifteenth Street. It is a continuation of Broadway (the chief retail business street of the city), from Union Square to Harsenville, at Sixty-Eighth Street. In that section it is called by that name, and compactly built upon. Beyond Seventieth Street it is still called Bloomingdale Road—a hard, smooth, macadamised highway, broad, devious, and undulating, shaded the greater portion of its length, made attractive by many elegant residences and ornamental grounds, and thronged every fine day with fast horses and light vehicles, bearing the young and the gay of both sexes. The stranger in New York will have the pleasure of his visit greatly enhanced by a drive over this road toward the close of a pleasant day. Its nearest approach to the river is at One Hundred and Fifteenth Street.

Among the places of note on the Bloomingdale Road is the New York Asylum for the Insane, Elm Park, and the New York Orphan Asylum. The former is situated on the east side of the road where it approaches nearest the Hudson, the grounds, containing forty acres, occupying the entire square between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, and One Hundred and Fifteenth and One Hundred and Twentieth Streets. The institution was opened in the year 1821, for the reception of patients. It may be considered a development of the Lunatic Asylum founded in 1810. Its establishment upon more rational principles is due to the benevolent Thomas Eddy, a Quaker, who proposed to the governors of the old institution a course of moral treatment more thorough and extensive than had yet been tried.

The place selected for the asylum, near the village of Bloomingdale, is unequalled. The ground is elevated and dry, and affords extensive and delightful views of the Hudson and the adjacent city and country. The buildings are spacious, the grounds beautifully laid out, and ornamented with a shrubbery and flowers; and every arrangement is made with a view to soothe and heal

the distempers of the mind. The patients are allowed to busy themselves with work or chosen amusements, to walk in the garden or pleasure-grounds, and to ride out on pleasant days, proper discrimination being always observed.

A short distance below the Asylum for the Insane, on the east side of the Bloomingdale Road, is the fine old country seat of the Aphorpe family, called Elm Park. It is now given to the uses of mere devotees of pleasure. Here the Germans of the city congregate in great numbers during hours of leisure,



ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

to drink beer, tell stories, smoke, sing, and enjoy themselves in their peculiar way with a zeal that seems to be inspired by Moore's idea that—

"Pleasure's the only noble end,
To which all human powers should tend."

Elm Park was the head-quarters of Sir William Howe, at the time of the battle on Harlem Plains, in the autumn of 1776. Washington had occupied it only the day before, and had there waited anxiously and impatiently for the arrival of the fugitive Americans under General Putnam, who narrowly escaped capture when the British took possession of the city. The Bloomingdale Road, along which they moved, then passed through almost continuous woods in this vicinity. Washington himself had a very narrow escape here, for he left the house only a few minutes before the advanced British column took possession of it.

Elm Park is now (June, 1861) a sort of camp of instruction for volunteers for the army of the United States, engaged in crushing the great demagogues'



ELM PARK.

rebellion in favour of human slavery and political and social despotism. When I visited it, companies were actively drilling, and the sounds of the fife and drum were mingled with the voices of mirth and conviviality. It was an hour after a tempest had passed by, prostrating one or two of the old majestic trees which shade the ground and the broad entrance lane. These trees, composed chiefly of elms and locusts, attest the antiquity of the place, and constitute the lingering dignity of a mansion where wealth and social refinement once dispensed the most generous hospitality. Strong are the contrasts in its earlier and later history.

GOTHIC METAL WORK.

THE revival of Gothic architecture in England, the most remarkable incident in the Art-history of the present age, naturally, and indeed necessarily, led its first promoters to a diligent and thoughtful study of the noblest and the most characteristic relics of the same style, which were found to remain as examples of the palmy Gothic days of the Plantagenets and Tudors. For the most part, those relics were churches and cathedrals. And, with the study of edifices of this class, in their capacity of historical monuments, there was soon associated an ardent desire to reproduce their details, as well in the restoration of decayed and destroyed portions of the early churches, as in the new buildings which the Gothic architects of the nineteenth century were called upon to erect. In other words, the revived Gothic was taught to imitate, and often actually to copy, the early Gothic. And, taking the old cathedrals and churches of England as its models, the revived Gothic in the first instance assumed the character of an ecclesiastical style of



(Ex. 1.) By HARDMAN.

architecture. It professed to deal with ecclesiastical structures in a manner at once peculiarly appropriate and eminently felicitous; and, accordingly, it was very generally accepted as the right architecture for buildings for Christian worship.

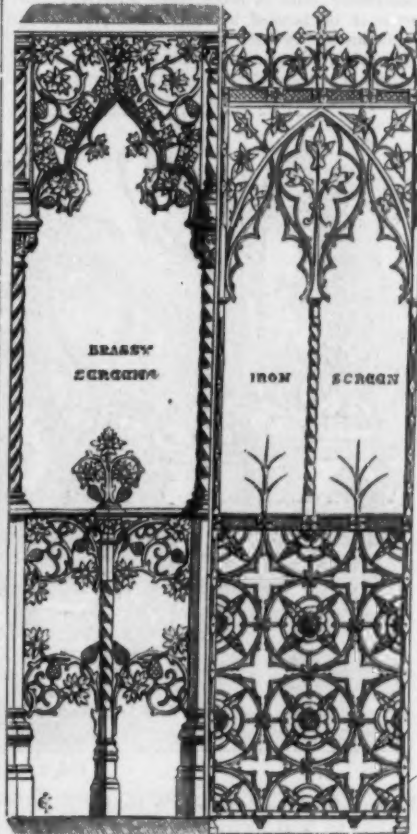
In process of time a better understanding of the early universal application of Gothic architecture to edifices of every variety and for every purpose, led to the conviction of the similar present universal applicability of the style. The early Gothic was found to have been equally used for civil and domestic as for ecclesiastical buildings; and hence, by an inevitable inference, the existing Gothic was admitted to be no less competent to provide us with villas, and street buildings, and public edifices, than with the new churches which of late years have so happily sprung up on every side. When they had learned to appreciate the universality of its character, the next thing to be accomplished by the Gothic revivers was to harmonise their style with their own era—to adapt it, not to reminiscences of the past, but to the exigencies and the sympathies of the present. The Gothic of the reign of Queen Victoria had to become in its own especial charac-

teristics Victorian. It was essential that our Gothic should really be our own Gothic,—the descendant truly and the heir, but not the mere shadow, or duplicate, or imitator, of the Gothic of historic Edwards and Henrys. It was necessary that it should be, and should act as, a living style—living, because a style in most intimate association with the life of a living generation.

But there still remained another step to be taken before the Gothic revival could be considered complete. This step would extend the application and the action of the Gothic of our own times beyond the range of all architecture properly so called; and for the term Architecture it would substitute that of *Art*. The revivers of the Gothic are now in the act of taking this very step in advance; and we are gradually accepting the conviction that the same Gothic style of Art which expresses itself so nobly in architecture, and with such inexhaustible versatility, is equally worthy both of attention and admiration in every capacity in which Art can act practically, either in realizing its own highest conceptions, or in harmonious combination with manufactures. This is precisely what the early Gothic always did. It was the *Art* of its own era. Its influence was universally felt and declared. It dealt with everything; and it dealt with everything in a manner peculiarly its own. And now, when we examine any work of early Gothic Art, we are able at once to determine the period of its production, because we know that such a peculiar modification of the one great style obtained and was dominant at such a time. It matters not what the object may be, a part of a cathedral or of a monument or of a castle, a weapon, a piece of carving, or some personal ornament, each and all alike bear the impress of the *Art* of the time which produced them. We do not now desire any style or expression of Art to rule, in like manner, to the exclusion of every other style; nor do we contemplate asserting the absolute supremacy of any one style over all others, its contemporaries: and yet most certainly, if any style of Art now lives and acts and demonstrates its own intrinsic greatness and excellence, we certainly do expect it to appear neither less vigorous nor less comprehensive in our own age than it was long ago, under very different circumstances, and when the fulness of its free action was impeded by such great and serious difficulties. The Gothic of our own age neither knows nor admits any shortcomings; it is really as powerful as it ever was in other times, as comprehensive, as versatile, and as felicitous in its universal applicability. It only requires to be applied universally, with earnest thoughtfulness and steady resolution. While in many departments of both Art and Art-manufacture the Gothic has yet scarcely been recognised as an existing and working style, it has already exercised a most effectual influence upon very many works that now are executed in the metals; and as these works are second to none in the importance of their character, they can scarcely fail to attract those who are especially interested in other great industries to an Art which is doing so much for themselves. Meanwhile **GOTHIC METAL WORK**, in its present condition, claims from us a distinct recognition of its many admirable qualities, and to it accordingly we now desire to direct the attention of our readers.

When it was first produced in our own times, Gothic metal work was almost exclusively ecclesiastical in its character. Then, after awhile, it became architectural also, and it extended its range to every varied application that architecture might require. And now, as we write, it is in the act of adapting itself to domestic and general uses, so that at no distant period the influence of Gothic Art upon all productions in the metals will be universally as well as powerfully felt. At present, however, it will be understood that Gothic designs have only in a comparatively few instances been applied to the precious metals, except in the case of such works as may be required for ecclesiastical uses; consequently it is in brass and iron that the Gothic is now working most vigorously, and with the most signal success. Our most skilled workers in the hard metals, indeed, have not yet succeeded in liberating themselves from even an excessive sympathy with mediæval associations, so that we find them still styling their productions, not "Gothic," but "mediæval metal works." This is an error

easy to be rectified, as it was natural that it should occur; for the works in metal that have actually been transmitted to our own times from the early Gothic period, have been the models for the artist metal workers of to-day. And then, on the other hand, any excessive tendency towards mediævalism in modern Gothic metal work, in course of time will inevitably wear away under the influence of the existing most anti-mediæval uses for our best metal works. It must be added that it is by no means desirable that our Gothic metal workers should be *un-mediævalised* too rapidly, since they cannot fail to derive lessons of infinite value from their predecessors of the middle ages. Those early craftsmen, whether goldsmiths—who both worked in the precious metals and also made copper precious through their exquisite treatment of it—or smiths who wrought iron and brass work, were true artists, and they felt and worked in the spirit of the Art of their day. And that Art was in itself most noble; and so thoroughly has it ennobled its productions in the metals, that they must be held in the highest esteem and honour by all succeeding



(Ex. 2.)

metal workers, who would themselves aspire to be regarded as artists.

The teaching of the Gothic metal work of the middle ages has been received by observant and thoughtful students. When they proceeded to apply their lessons to actual experiments, those students might sometimes be tempted rather to imitate what their masters had done than to work independently after their masters' manner, and so, while living in the most modern age, they might produce "mediæval metal work;" and yet they so far learned their lessons aright, that the conviction was inwrought in them that every work of theirs must of necessity be truly and thoroughly artistic. The Gothic metal work of the middle ages they found to have invariably been treated artistically, as well as skilfully adapted to the practical uses for which it was designed. And hence our Gothic metal workers have inaugurated a new era in the manufactures in the metals of their own times. In their own works they have shown that the presence and the pervading influence of both Art and Science are equally essential for their consistent production; and thus they have demonstrated, not the practica-

bility merely, but the absolute necessity for the establishment of a most intimate alliance between Art and Science, and between them both in union with Manufacture.

While our Gothic metal workers have thus been stamping the impress of pure Art upon their productions—productions designed by them in the Gothic style with the deliberate purpose of exemplifying the artistic capabilities of that style—their efforts have received unexpectedly the most valuable and gratifying support from the remarkable circumstance, that in almost every instance in which it is desired to attain to a high artistic character in the metal work of the present day, the style of Art that is involuntarily adopted is Gothic. So strictly is this the fact, that in the instance of the hard metals Gothic metal work and artistic metal work are now regarded as interchangeable terms; and it is indeed well that just at this present time an Art should be recognised as dealing effectively with objects that are executed in iron. The use of this comprehensive metal may be designated the great manufacturing achievement of the age. Iron is now taking a commanding place in every most important production of the hand of man; it is fast superseding oak in marine architecture, and on land it already rivals brick, stone, and marble as a constructive material for edifices of every class and variety. In

more than one example iron architecture has shown what style of thing it is without Art; what it may become, on the other hand, under the direction and control of Art—of an Art that is peculiarly competent to treat with metal work—may be understood from the various productions that are every day crowning with increasing measures of success the operations of our Gothic metal workers.

These modern Gothic metal works may be divided, first, into two classes, determined by the nature of the materials employed, as—1, *Works in the precious metals*; and 2, *Works in the hard metals*. And, secondly, they will admit a more comprehensive classification, which is based upon the purposes and uses for which the several works may be designed. Thus, Class I. will comprise *Gothic Architectural Metal Work*; which class may be subdivided into—1, Constructive Objects, such as pillars, girders, &c.; 2, Accessories and Details of Ecclesiastical Buildings, such as screens, lecterns, window iron-work, hinges, &c.; 3, Church Plate, as chalices, alms' dishes, &c.; and 4, Accessories and Details of Secular and Domestic Buildings. Class II. will contain *Miscellaneous Objects*, and will extend as well to works executed in the precious metals as to those in brass and iron; accordingly this class will comprehend personal ornaments and *bijouterie*. Class III. will be devoted to

In the first of our illustrations we give a group of examples of several miscellaneous productions of the Hardmans, including a lectern of the most elaborate richness and exquisite beauty, with several candle-standards, and other objects. Two screens, one of brass and the other of iron, are represented in our second illustration. The whole is wrought work, executed by the hand, the several parts being fastened together with rivets. A compartment of each screen appears in our woodcut, and the two compartments thus placed side by side, show with what judicious skill the design of each is adapted to the constructive qualities of either material, and also to the general effect that would be produced by the two metals when the screens would be finished. In our third group there is brought together within the compass of a very small space a numerous assemblage of works in the precious metals, comprising chalices, flagons, patens, cups, vases, salvers, a casket, and other similar objects. Appropriate beauty of both design and ornamentation are strikingly apparent in each member of this rich group, and of the style of execution we can speak in equally high terms. Indeed, workmanship cannot be more perfect than that which has been devoted to the production of these beautiful examples of the "medieval" Gothic metal work of our own day; nor do we believe that at any period there have existed workmen who could have surpassed those who carry into effect the designs of Mr. Powell, the accomplished artist who is so happily associated with the Messrs. Hardman. We may not omit to notice the application of all the early decorative processes to their metal works by the Hardmans. The insertion of gems and crystals, the free use of niello, damascening, chasing, embossing, engraving, parcel gilding, and every variety of enamel, contribute to render these works perfect examples in their department of practical art. It is the same with the larger and less costly works in brass and iron: whatever decorative process may be applied to them consistently, and with a certainty of enhancing their beauty and effectiveness, is invariably adopted. And in all these processes, no less than in the general designs and in the *Art-feeling* of the whole, the works of the Hardmans may be pronounced fully equal to anything that the metal workers of the middle ages have left as examples of their extraordinary abilities. In addition to such works as we have enumerated, the Hardmans are now producing with equal care and equal success, every species of architectural detail and fitting in both brass and iron, with all such accessories of domestic life as candlesticks, locks, hinges, door guard-plates, inkstands, &c., &c. The London depot for the productions of the Hardmans is situated in King William Street, West Strand, and is under the care of Mr. S. J. Thompson.

Notwithstanding their assumption of the same title of "Medieval Metal Workers," HART & SON,



(EX. 3.) BY HARDMAN.

Monumental Memorials, such as inscriptions, &c., engraved on brass plates, &c.; and a Fourth Class may be assigned to *Weapons and Implements*.

As would naturally be expected, the different classes of works are in some degree more particularly identified with certain producers than with others; and yet, the versatile character of Gothic Art is made signally apparent from the circumstance, that the same producer may be found to be equally successful in executing works in several of the classes of Gothic metal work. We shall now proceed to notice more particularly the works of some of the most distinguished firms, and we shall illustrate our written descriptions with various examples of the best and most characteristic productions of the several Gothic metal workers who stand in the front rank of this most important group of artist manufacturers. These eminent producers are too many in number for us to do justice to them and their works within the limits of the space at our disposal in this present *Art-Journal*; we shall leave, therefore, till next month our notices of the renowned establishment at Coventry, at the head of which is Mr. SKIDMORE, together with the extensive works of BENHAM & SONS, of Wigmore Street, and those of JOHNSON BROTHERS, of Holborn, and several others also.

Without doubt the epithet "medieval"—as being strictly appropriate both to their own purpose and

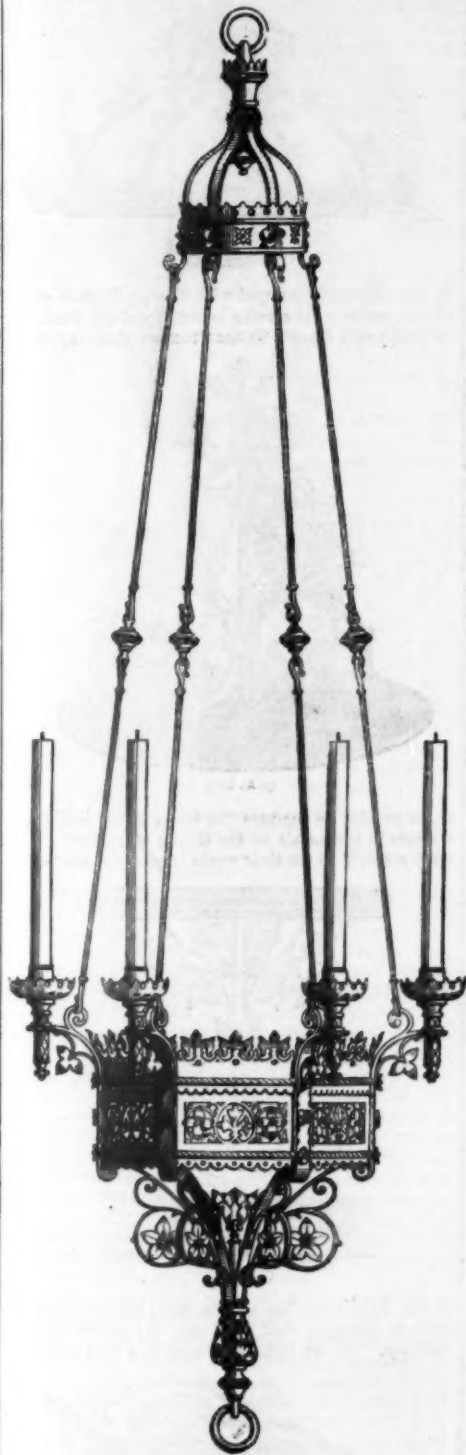
to the works in the precious and also in the hard metals, which they produce in such abundant variety and always in a truly artistic spirit—was intentionally chosen and adopted by the HARDMANS of Birmingham; and we may presume that they will desire to retain the title of "Medieval Metal Workers," since in their works they may be expected to aim rather at emulating the productions of the great Gothic metal workers of the middle ages after their own manner, than to transfer the Gothic from the past to the present, and to adapt it to fresh associations. If so, the Hardmans are well convinced that the original medievalists were men of mark, and masters of their craft, whose artist-career they may follow with honour, and whom to rival is to attain to the highest excellence; and, on the other hand, the noblest of the medieval metal workers might be proud to hold out to the Hardmans the right hand of brotherhood, and to claim them as brethren in Art. Special attention has been directed by the Hardmans to the production of architectural metal work, and more particularly such as is required for ecclesiastical uses. They have been peculiarly successful with their screens in brass and iron; their various appliances for lighting churches by coronae, standards, and chandeliers; their brass lecterns; their hinges and lock appendages; their engraved monumental brasses, and their sacramental plate.



(EX. 4.) BY HART AND SON.

of London, have taken up their position in the front rank of those Gothic revivers who are resolutely labouring to develop the Gothic as a living style of Art, which in both its spirit and its action is to be adjusted to the existing condition of things. We would offer to them every possible encouragement to persevere, and to continue pressing onward in their advancing career. Like the Hardmans, the Harts have been diligent students of the medieval metal

workers who worked in the veritable middle ages; and their studies have resulted in their attaining to a complete mastery over the old Art. They, however, in their own working prefer to adapt the early Art in its revived condition to the spirit of their own times, instead of seeking to mould the usages and requirements of their own times in conformity with the early expressions of Gothic Art. Whenever they have been required to work as "Medieval Metal



(Ex. 5.)

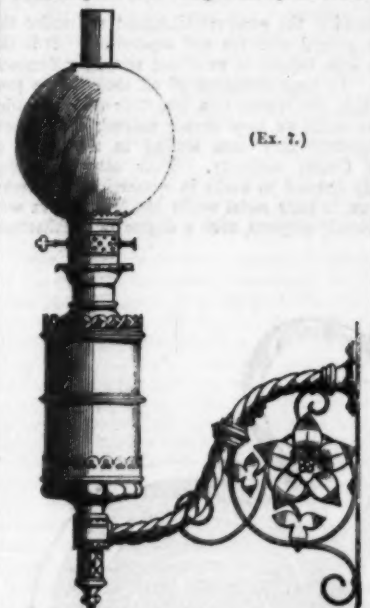
Workers," properly so called, the Harts have shown themselves to be second to none in their treatment of brass and iron, and also of silver, *more veterum*. Their establishment has produced in vast numbers every variety of architectural member and detail and accessory, both for ecclesiastical and other buildings, and all these works of theirs may be most justly described in terms of the highest and most admiring

commendation. The decorative processes that



(Ex. 6.)

we have specified as being in use by the Hard-



(Ex. 7.)

mans, are no less effectively employed by the



(Ex. 8.)

Harts. Their burnishing of their brass-

work must be specially noticed for its singular excellence; and, in like manner, their enamel-colouring for heraldic blazonry, and for the illumination of inscriptions and various details of ornamentation on the metals, is most effective and beautiful. Had we considered it to be desirable, we might with ease have given examples of the productions of the Harts, which would have been identical in their general character with the groups that are represented in our illustrations 1, 2, 3. In place of so doing, we have determined to illustrate the manner in which these able metal workers are carrying out the Gothic in its capacity of a modern art. Accordingly, our examples 4, 5, 6, and 9, illustrate the style in which the Harts are now producing chandeliers, brackets, and stands for gas and caudles. Example 7 is a bracket for a moderator lamp, the lamp itself being removable, in order to be placed at pleasure upon one of the customary stands of a true Gothic type; example 8 is a guard-plate for a door; and example 10 is a compartment of some open screen railing. These examples tell their own tale, and at the same time they suggest the facility with which we



(Ex. 9.)

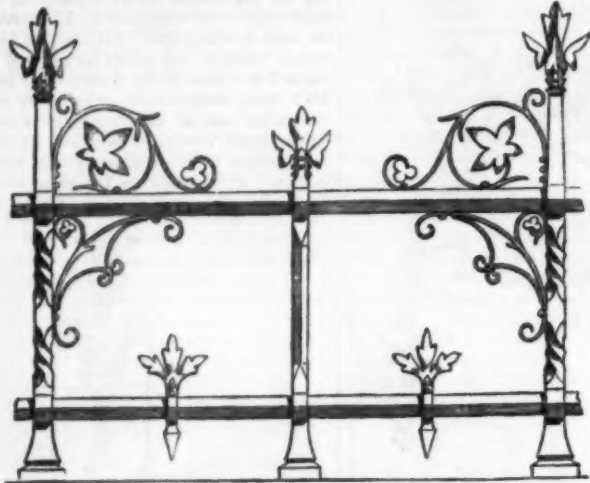
might have added other woodcuts of numerous varieties of similar objects, and also of other works in almost endless variety. Some of the happiest of the Harts' recent metal works have been engraved inscriptions, and clasps, and other decorative accessories for book-binding. Their iron fenders and fire-irons also are admirable,—first-rate specimens of Gothic adaptability to what we now want and now use. We ourselves have a Gothic poker of Harts' that is perfectly delightful. And, let not the idea of a Gothic poker, which is perfection both as a poker and a piece of Gothic metal work, appear for a single moment to be either ludicrous in itself, or unworthy of a becoming measure of notice and approval; for it is essential for the due appreciation of any style or expression of Art, which aims at excellence and popularity in any particular classes of productions, that at the same time it should study to excel and to become popular in productions of other classes also. And so we shall learn to understand and to value aright the most aspiring examples of Gothic architectural metal work, through a familiar acquaint-

ance with very different and much humbler varieties of works in metal in the same style. The manner in which these metal workers are habitually studying the best means for simplifying their working processes, and for improving the minutest and simplest details, demands our warmest commendation; and in these important matters no less than in the general administration of both the artistic and the executive departments of their works, the Messrs. Harts are greatly indebted to their efficient superintendent, Mr. Higgins. The establishments

of the Messrs. Harts are in Wych Street, Strand, and in Cockspur Street, Trafalgar Square. They have also a splendid collection of specimen objects at the Crystal Palace.

In connection with their famous machinery for carving in wood and stone, Cox & Son, of Southampton Street, Strand, and of Belvidere Road, adjoining the Thames, are workers in the hard and the precious metals, and they have won a deservedly high reputation for their productions of this class in the Gothic style. As the Hardmans are artists

specimens of the Gothic metal work produced by Cox & Son. A collection of actual examples may be seen at the Architectural Galleries, in Conduit Street, where the metal work of the Messrs. Cox



(EX. 10.) BY HART AND SON.

in stained glass as well as metal workers, and the two cognate departments of Gothic Art derive mutual benefits from their union in a single producing establishment, so in the instance of Cox and Son their Gothic metal work and their Gothic wood and stone carvings experience reciprocal advantages from the intimate association in which they are placed. Architectural works in particular thus may be executed in the strictest harmony, the wood carvings and the metal work accessories and details, and possibly the stone carvings also, being all

produced at the same establishment and under the same general direction and supervision. It is the same with objects in wood and metal for domestic uses. In their treatment of all their Gothic productions, the Messrs. Cox, like their contemporaries whose works we have already noticed, declare how thoughtfully they have studied in the school of early Gothic authority. Their attention being chiefly directed to works in connection with architecture, in their metal works the Messrs. Cox very judiciously preserve such a degree of architectural



(EX. 11.) BY COX AND SON.

feeling as becomes the uses to which they are devoted, and the associations with which they ought to harmonize. Without entering into any minute descriptive particulars of their various productions in the precious metals, and in brass and iron, we may be content to place this firm in the first class of Gothic metal workers, at the same time pronouncing their works most admirable examples of Gothic Art-manufacture. We have selected from Messrs. Cox's extensive and diversified collections, as characteristic specimens for illustration, example 11, a group of sacramental plate in silver, of pure and

beautiful Gothic design, and executed with truly exquisite skill and refinement; example 12 is a brass corona for candles, to be suspended by a chain; example 13 is an enriched font-cover of wrought iron work; example 14 represents a portion of a communion rail—the rail itself, which is of oak, being supported by brass standards with elegant spandrel foliage—this rail might easily be adapted to the requirements of staircases; and in example 15 we show a lectern, or reading-desk, of pierced brass work. All these examples are in themselves most meritorious, and they may be regarded as fair



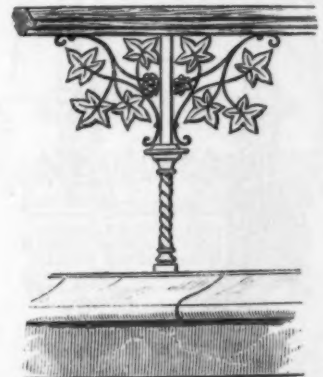
(EX. 12.)

is advantageously grouped with the productions of their machinery for carving in both wood and stone. In next year's GREAT EXHIBITION we shall expect



(EX. 13.)

to be enabled to compare the works of our leading workers in the metals in the Gothic style, since we trust not only to see their works in places of honour



(EX. 14.)

in the Exhibition, but also to find that they have been so arranged that they may be studied collectively. We are looking forward to a united dis-



(EX. 15.) BY COX AND SON.

play of the works of Hardman, Skidmore, Hart, Cox, Benham, and of other Gothic metal workers also. We desire to institute a comparison between them as they stand side by side.

TURNER'S WILL.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the National Gallery, held on the 8th of July, a motion was made by the Accountant-General, seconded by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and carried unanimously, to the effect that although the pictures bequeathed by Mr. Turner on certain conditions have been delivered to the trustees without express reference to those conditions, nevertheless grave doubts, supported by high legal authority, have been raised as to whether the trustees are not bound by the letter of the will. The trustees, therefore, having given full attention to their position in respect of the trust confided in them, deemed it their duty to bring the matter under the immediate consideration of the Lords of the Treasury, that the Turner Collection be placed in the National Gallery, in order that by thus fulfilling the terms of the bequest, the right of the nation to possess them be fully confirmed.

This resolution was transmitted by Sir C. L. Eastlake to the Secretary of the Treasury, and was ordered to be printed, and with it appears, in compliance of an order of the House of Lords, copies of the will and codicils of the late Mr. Turner, and of the decree of Vice-Chancellor Kindersley, establishing the right of the nation to the pictures bequeathed by Mr. Turner to the public. The express terms of that part of the decree referring immediately to the collection run thus:—"And her Majesty's Attorney-General by his counsel not claiming on the part of her Majesty, or of the trustees of the National Gallery, any pictures, sketches, or drawings which belong to the said testator, other than such as were his own work, or any engravings, or any other part of the real or personal estate of the said testator, this court doth declare, by consent of all parties by their counsel (except the plaintiffs, who by their counsel submit to act as this court shall direct, and except the Attorney-General, who does not oppose the same) that all the pictures, drawings, and sketches by the testator's hand, without any distinction of finished or unfinished, are to be deemed as well given for the benefit of the public, and doth order that the same, when selected and ascertained in the manner hereafter mentioned, be retained by the trustees for the time being of the National Gallery accordingly." This document deals only with the right of the nation to the possession of the pictures, and proceeds to define the interests of the persons named in the will. It is dated March, 19th, 1846, and does not touch upon the conditional building to be appropriated within ten years of Turner's death, in default of which it is certain that law proceedings would have been taken to reclaim the collection by the heirs of the testator; and so precise is the condition, that the trial must have been decided against the public. To the will are appended four codicils. It is in the second of these codicils, dated August 2nd, 1848, that the bequest of the pictures is made; but the fourth codicil dated February 1st, 1849, begins,—"Now I do hereby as to the disposition of my finished pictures, limit the time for offering the same as a gift to the trustees of the National Gallery to the term of ten years after my decease; and if the said trustees of the said National Gallery shall not within the said space of ten years have provided and constructed a room, or rooms to be added to the National Gallery, that part thereof to be called Turner's Gallery, then I declare the gift or offer of the said finished pictures to be null and void."

This term of ten years will very shortly expire, and it is not intelligible wherefore the present step should have been delayed until the eleventh hour. The result, however, is the immediate removal of the Turner Collection from Kensington to the National Gallery, as announced in another part of our Journal.

The following are the resolutions of the Select Committee appointed to consider in what way the conditions of the will can best be carried out, and which, we doubt not, will be acceptable to our readers:—

"That the committee have met and considered the subject-matter referred to them, and have come to the following resolutions, viz:—

"That the late Mr. Turner, R.A., by his will, gave to the trustees of the National Gallery his

picture of 'Dido building Carthage,' and his picture formerly in the De Tabley Collection, for ever, subject to the direction that they should be kept and placed always between the two pictures painted by Claude, the 'Seaport' and the 'Mill;' and the right of the trustees to these pictures was declared by the decree after mentioned; and the two pictures have ever since been, and now are, placed in the National Gallery between the two Claudes, according to Turner's will.

"That Mr. Turner made several codicils to his will; by the first codicil, which was superseded by the later ones, he desired a gallery to be erected for his pictures (except the two given by his will), and that they should be maintained and exhibited as a separate collection, to be called 'Turner's Gallery;' by the second codicil he gave his finished pictures (except the 'Dido' and the 'De Tabley' pictures) to the trustees of the National Gallery, provided that a room or rooms were added to the National Gallery, to be entitled 'Turner's Gallery;' in the meantime they were not to be removed until rooms were built; the trustees of the National Gallery were not to have any power over the pictures unless his wish was fully carried out by them; it was his will that either such pictures should remain and be called 'Turner's Gallery,' and be the property of the nation, or to remain at his house as one entire gallery, to be viewed gratuitously; if the lease could not be renewed the pictures were to be sold; by the third codicil, if the National Gallery should not carry out the provisions in the second codicil within five years, on or before the expiration of the lease of his present gallery, then he declared his bequest to the National Gallery to be void, and in that case his gallery to be continued on the terms mentioned in his last codicil. By the fourth and last codicil he limited ten years for offering his finished pictures to the National Gallery; if the rooms were not built, the pictures were to be exhibited gratuitously during the existence of the lease of his Queen Ann Street house, except the last two years, and then the pictures were to be sold; by the decree of the Court of Chancery, made in March, 1856, the Court declared that all the pictures, drawings, and sketches, wholly or partially by the testator's hand, without any distinction of finished or unfinished, were to be deemed as well given for the benefit of the public, and were to be retained by the trustees for the time being of the National Gallery.

"That under the above testamentary dispositions and the decree of the Court of Chancery, the nation is now in possession of three hundred and sixty-two pictures painted by Turner, and of a very large number of water-colour drawings of the highest excellence; and the nation ought, in the opinion of this House, to carry out the conditions annexed to the gift in like manner as the conditions annexed to the gift of the two pictures now between the two Claudes have been complied with.

"That, for want of a room to receive them at the National Gallery, the pictures are now at Kensington, but the power of the trustees of the National Gallery has been preserved over them; and it was publicly announced that they were removed to Kensington only as a temporary measure.

"That Turner died in December, 1851, and, in the opinion of this House, no further delay should take place in providing a room or rooms for the reception and exhibition of his pictures and drawings, now the property of the nation, in connection with the National Gallery, to be called 'Turner's Gallery.'

"That it is expedient that the finished pictures by Turner should be forthwith deposited and properly hung in one of the rooms of the present National Gallery, according to the plan which Mr. Wornum, the keeper, has stated in his evidence that he is prepared to carry out.

"But this arrangement, as it will necessarily involve considerable inconvenience in the exhibition of the pictures now in the National Gallery, must be considered as of a strictly temporary character, pending the execution of some more enlarged and comprehensive plan.

"That, with a view to provide such accommodation, Mr. Pennethorne, the architect, has stated in his evidence that he can undertake to erect rooms fully sufficient for the reception of the Turner pictures at the back of the present National Gallery, within a period of time not exceeding twelve months, and at a cost not to exceed £25,000.

"That unless some reasonable prospect of seeing a noble gallery worthy of the fine collection of pictures by the ancient masters and British artists which the country now possesses, and which is, year by year, receiving additions of great importance, erected upon a comprehensive plan on the present or any other site, it appears desirable that steps should be forthwith taken for making the limited addition to the present gallery suggested by Mr. Pennethorne.

"That with regard to the second portion of the order of reference, viz., 'And having completed such inquiry, then to consider and report the measures proper to be taken with respect to the Vernon Gallery, and the prospective measures proper to be taken with respect to any future gifts of the same kind,' the late period of the session making it impossible for the committee fully to consider the important questions involved, the committee beg to recommend to the House that the subject be again referred early in the ensuing session.

"And the committee have directed the Minutes of Evidence taken before them, together with an Appendix, to be laid before your lordships."

July 30.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

NEW FOREIGN OFFICE.

SIR,—Like many of your readers, I commenced the perusal of the article on the New Foreign Office with considerable interest—an interest which the style of writing fully justified. The first and second paragraphs were introductory, the third was devoted to a reproduction of "the exploded fallacies and often-refuted misrepresentations of Lord Palmerston and his subordinates," and some very vigorous assertions in favour of Gothic, "as well for civil as for ecclesiastical buildings." You are of course entitled to hold this opinion, but I think you are also bound, as a leader on Art subjects, to give the public the benefit of the reasons upon which your opinions rest, in a question so generally interesting and so amply talked about. You assert "that the Gothic is the one style that alone can produce such a Foreign Office as would be worthy of the English metropolis at the present day," and you are perhaps right; but it would surely have been more "worthy" of the *Art-Journal* to have given the reasons on which this bold conclusion rests. This would also have been advisable from what follows. You "believe the Gothic style not only the noblest in itself, but the best adapted for every important English building;" not the old Gothic, for you "have no mediæval sympathies whatever," but "that same great style, inspired with fresh life and animated with renewed vigour, and at the same time modified and expressed in conformity with the spirit of our own age." This sounds like a very important style, by whatever name it may be called, and is no doubt that national one the public are in search of; but it was surely "unworthy" of the *Art-Journal* to leave the demonstration of "the superior fitness and worthiness" of such a style, "for the production of a New Foreign Office," to architectural contemporaries; for this, among many other reasons—that whereas these contemporaries have all been engaged in a way that shows they feel the subject one of considerable difficulty, you tantalize us by declaring "we should not feel that any severe or trying task had been imposed upon us, if asked to produce a demonstration of the superiority and fitness of a Gothic adapted to our own age." This demonstration is exactly what is wanted; and do favour your readers by doing what you can do so easily. Tell us whether this is a question of Art or Architecture, or, if mixed, in what proportion each is represented in its proper settlement? Explain the essential element of Gothic—that inherent idea on which modern modifications can be implanted without destroying it; show us what kind of modifications will express present sentiments, and the principles upon which the connection between the modifications and the sentiments are based, as also what these sentiments are. And if the facts be fairly stated, the inductions legitimate, and reasonings sound, you will enable your readers likewise to become defenders of Gothic upon something like intelligent grounds. What you say about Gothic being the rising style among "business men" is not perfectly conclusive, because the same might be predicated of peculiarly formed letters or particular colours for shop fronts, but these details may be left till the principles are settled.

J. S.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The election this year fell to the lot of James Sant, Esq.; it was long ago the artist's due. For many years he has occupied a high place in Art, and may be classed among the best painters of the age and country. In other respects also, the Academy will obtain a valuable acquisition in this accomplished gentleman. As in nearly all recent elections, the honour does not reach the honoured until it is comparatively useless as a step to fortune. It rewards, though it does not assist, Mr. Sant on the way to fame: he has already "climbed the steep" that leads to its temple. It is, however, a becoming, because a well-merited, tribute to his genius, and will give entire satisfaction to the public, as well as to the profession. We understand Mr. Solomon was the next in order for election. Here, too, whenever it chances to be his turn, the distinction will have been rightly earned.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY CONVERSAZIONE.—The season was closed, as usual, by a *conversazione* in the galleries of the Royal Academy, in Trafalgar Square. The pictures looked so well, and the people so happy, that we may wish such "evenings" occurred more than once in a year; not, perhaps, as an "entertainment," but certainly as a gathering, where the cost would be little, and the pleasure much.

AN INSTITUTE OF SCULPTORS.—On the 15th of June last, a meeting of sculptors took place, to consider a proposition made by Mr. Westmacott, in reference to the establishment of an Institute of Sculptors, on which occasion a committee was formed consisting of E. H. Baily, R.A., P. Macdowell, R.A., W. Calder Marshall, R.A., J. H. Foley, R.A., H. Weekes, A.R.A., J. Durham, W. F. Woodington, T. Thornycroft, and E. B. Stephens, who reported that having held several meetings on the subject, it was unanimously agreed that the formation of such a society is highly desirable, believing that if founded on sound principles, and regulated by just laws, such an institution might effect great good to Art, and they accordingly recommended the formation of a society to be called "The Institute of Sculptors." We understand perfectly the motives which induce these gentlemen to move with a view to the protection of their interests. There have been offered to the profession of sculpture larger prizes than have ever been proposed to the painter, and this has called into life very many professors of the art unqualified by even a meagre knowledge of its first principles; and unfortunately, these are the men ever most ready to enter the lists for public works, the direction of which is most commonly in the hands of utterly incapable committees, to whom are offered designs by not more competent sculptors, with whom men of talent decline any public contest. The result is, that our public places are thronged with works of the most discreditable kind—conveying to foreigners, and to certain garrulous members of the House of Commons, the impression that we have no sculptors. The committees that generally act in these matters are always divided—each member is interested in advancing his own *protégé*, without regard to merits of design or the lasting scandal of a very bad public statue. In support of our view of the matter, we instance a monument to a deceased bishop, at present in the hands of a portrait painter, who has succeeded in excluding sculptors even from competing for a commission legitimately belonging to their profession, and altogether removed from the practice of a portrait painter. If the proposed society is to be established to remedy such abuses as those we allude to, all lovers of good Art must be desirous of its success.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—A bust, in pale terra-cotta, of Cromwell has been added to the collection in George Street. It is supposed to have been modelled from the life by Edward Pierce, a sculptor who executed also the busts of Wren and Newton that are at Oxford, and to be the original of the marble bust of Cromwell in the possession of Lord Taunton. It is but a half bust, having little more than the head and neck, being squared at the shoulders, and extending but little below the throat. The face is full, round, and may be said to be somewhat heavy in expression; there is no intensity, which it would have been the business of the sculptor to catch had he seen it, but the Lord Protector when he sat must have been in an easy, happy frame

of mind. It looks like an original work, by a sculptor who was not sufficiently master of the licenses and venial resources of his art to know the value of giving substance to the upper eyelid, depth to the eyes, and language to the lips. It is rather Cromwell domestic than Cromwell historical, although the breast be guarded by a cuirass. In most of the other portraits of Cromwell, as those by Cooper and Walker, there is more refinement. There is well known to artists a mask, said to have been taken after death, which declares itself as the original of most of the pictorial likenesses of Cromwell that have been painted during the last half century, and the heaviness of this mask corresponds in some degree with that of this bust. Other additions to the collection are a bust of Lord Jeffrey (*Edinburgh Review*), by Park; and of Lord W. Bentinck, by Campbell; also a portrait of Oliver Goldsmith (not yet hung), formerly the property of the poet himself.

Mr. G. F. Watts has recently finished a fresco in the new church of St. James the Less, in Garden Street, Vauxhall Bridge Road. The subject is the Saviour in Glory, and it has been painted on the space above the pointed arch leading to the choir and the altar. The Saviour is the centre figure, having on each side a company of adoring angels. From the height of the fresco, it is not so impressive as if it were nearer the eye, or the figures were larger. The background is a dead yellow colour, to represent the gilded backgrounds of early Italian pictures. The figures rest upon clouds, and the space beneath them is blue. It is intended that the whole should be light and floating, it contains therefore no heavy tones; and although full of colour, its variety is lost by the precedence assumed by the yellow colour employed to diffuse light. It is different from the fresco by Mr. Watts in Lincoln's Inn, inasmuch that it would not be pronounced to be by the same hand. In the arrangement, Mr. Watts aims at nothing new. It would be difficult to give to the subject any disposition differing very much from that adopted for centuries by the Italian schools. The church has been built by the Misses Monk, daughters of Dr. Monk, late Bishop of Gloucester. It is, in architectural style, Italian-Gothic, much ornamented.

THE TURNER PICTURES.—It is at length resolved that the Turner collection is to be removed to the National Gallery, in order to comply with the provisions of the will, and save the collection to the country; for if something be not immediately done, they will be claimed by the heir-at-law, in which case they will either be sold by auction, or have to be purchased by the Government. The rooms in the National Gallery are already full, it is therefore difficult to understand how an addition of upwards of one hundred pictures—some of them very large—are to be arranged; but if it must be so, Mr. Wornum, with his experience, judgment, and good taste, will make the best of the difficulty. The new Italian room will not be touched; it will therefore be the Dutch and Spanish pictures that will be re-distributed. The change must be effected immediately, as the term allowed in the will expires very soon.

LIGHTING PUBLIC GALLERIES.—The question of lighting our public galleries with gas having been recently agitated, and drawn forth letters from Mr. Sidney Smirke and the late Mr. Braidwood, in especial reference to lighting the British Museum, these letters have been laid before Professors Tyndall, Faraday, and Hoffmann, but these gentlemen declare their adhesion to their expressed opinion of the safety of gas, and state that at South Kensington the temperature of the picture galleries lighted by gas, is not so high as when the sun is shining through the skylights. Professor Faraday recommends, however, that the roofs of galleries lighted by gas be of iron, and that he would hesitate to recommend gas for the Museum in opposition to the opinion of the architect. In lighting, however, a picture gallery permanently by gas, it is not the temperature that is to be apprehended so much as the deposit from the gas. If it be now necessary to wipe the pictures in the National Gallery from time to time, how much more frequently will it be necessary if the gallery be lighted by gas! The best gauge is a white ceiling over a gas burner, this will be darkened in one season; what will then be the effect on delicately-coloured pictures in twenty seasons? There are thousands of valuable objects which gas will not affect, but if it only necessitates to pictures additional rubbing and cleaning, even this ought to be avoided.

SCIENCE INSTRUCTION TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.—The first annual examination of science classes, under the minutes of the Committee of the Council on Education, has just been completed. This examination is open to any persons of whatever age or sex, who choose to present themselves, and is held in different places in the kingdom, and superintended entirely by the voluntary action of local committees. For the late examinations there were thirty-five local centres, and the examination papers sent were prepared in London and sent by post to the local committees by whom the examination was held on each subject simultaneously all over the kingdom, and the worked papers were returned by the first post to London. Of one thousand papers thus sent up, seven hundred and twenty-five were considered good enough to be passed, of which three hundred and ten were up to the standard for Queen's prizes. Fifty-nine first-class, one hundred second-class, and one hundred and fifty-one third-class Queen's prizes were awarded, and besides these there were awarded four gold, eleven silver, and sixteen bronze medals. The state incurs no liability or expense in the training of teachers, but merely certifies them as competent after examination, and such teachers receive a payment in respect of each student earning his livelihood by manual labour; but the grant is only made after the student has been examined and has proved the sufficiency of his instruction. The subjects for which prizes have been awarded are practical, plain, and descriptive geometry, mechanical drawing &c., mechanical physics, experimental physics, chemistry, geology and mineralogy, natural history and botany.

W. B. Scott's "Border Pictures."—Messrs. Moore, McQueen, & Co., the successors of Mr. Gambart in his publishing business in Berners Street, have just issued a series of photographic prints from Mr. Scott's eight pictures illustrating the history of the English Border, noticed in our last number. These photographs, taken by Mr. C. T. Thompson, show very accurately the subject matter of these masterly and most interesting compositions, but they cannot be expected to do adequate justice to the painter's expression of character, his delicate manipulation, and vivid colouring. We have, however, what is better than the artist's mere handiwork, the thoughts of his mind clearly and powerfully set forth.

LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER.—Mr. Walter Thornbury, who has been for a long time occupied with this work, is bringing it to a conclusion, and we expect to see it issued from the press during the autumn. The author will yet be glad to avail himself of whatever assistance can be rendered him in the shape of letters of the great painter, or communications of any kind having reference to him or his works.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM will be rearranged previous to the Great Exhibition next year, in order that its many treasures may be grouped with the fullest effect; and it is further proposed that loans of Art-treasures in private hands be also obtained, so that the Fine Art of the past time may be conveniently contrasted with that of the present. The two exhibitions will thus illustrate each other. The museum at present is enriched with some most valuable antique works on loan; and the abundant treasures in private hands may enable us to show worthily to the world the riches of English collections. Should a selection be made—which might be made without much difficulty—of nothing but first-rate examples, we should have a temporary museum of the greatest archaeological interest, and one that would have a high rank as a practical exponent of antique Art, of much value to the modern artisan.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.—We understand that Mr. Robert Hunt, F.R.S., whose valuable aid is so frequently given to our columns, has undertaken the office of superintendent of Class I. of the International Exhibition (mining, quarrying, metallurgy, and mineral products), and that he has been appointed secretary of the national committee for the same class, Sir Roderick I. Murchison being chairman. From Mr. Hunt's thorough knowledge of all that relates to our mineral productions, the results may be anticipated with reference to the best display.

THE VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY.—This is now the third season that Mr. Desanges has been before the public with his very interesting collection of

pictures, setting forth the feats that have been rewarded with the Victoria Cross. On the opening of the exhibition at the beginning of the season, we described the new pictures that had been added, of which there were not less than eight, manifesting an industry and rapidity of execution to which we cannot recall any contemporary parallel. The collection now numbers forty-seven works, and next season the opening of the exhibition will be looked for in order to see what other additions may be made. It was a happy idea to paint the heroes of the Victoria Cross. Every one who has received the Cross is worthy of being thus celebrated. We do not know the destination of these pictures, nor whether even they are the property of the artist; but, as commemorative of events among the most important in our history, they suggest the wish that they may not be distributed. As a nation, we are not famous for immortalizing ourselves in painting, though we have, shut up in books, a list of victories to which some of our neighbours would have devoted many miles of canvas. Greenwich has its Painted Hall, an excellent nucleus for a pictorial history of our naval power, which we may truly say has yet to be painted. But there is not the slightest public honourable mention of our military achievements, and on that account we submit that these pictures, having become public property, should be placed in some institution where they might serve as permanent mementoes of the valour of our countrymen. They possess an especial interest, much of which arises from the fact that they come as near to the truth as can be effected in painting by individual portraiture and accurate local description. It cannot be objected, that, because the Peninsula and Waterloo have not been thus chronicled, the Crimean and Indian campaigns should not. The institution of the Victoria Cross is a most opportune occasion for the foundation of a gallery in honour of our brave men, and in celebration of our victories, of which our catalogue is more numerous than that of any contemporary nation.

TO AN ORDER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, dated June 14, 1861, returns have been made showing under separate heads the sums of money annually voted by parliament during the ten years ending the 31st of December, 1860, for the British Museum and Library, the National Gallery, London, the Royal Gardens at Kew, the Botanic Gardens, Edinburgh, and the Natural History and Economic Museum of the same place, the National Gallery, Dublin, the Museum of Irish Industry, and Royal Dublin Society, exclusive of those sums which have been voted for additional buildings, and for other accounts not under the control of the trustees, governors, or council of these institutions and societies. In this return, the British Museum figures for £46,824, in 1851, and in 1860, for £100,850, but this sum includes others which before that year were not comprehended in the principal item. In 1851, the sum voted for the National Gallery was £1,700, in 1860, £11,670. The National Gallery in Dublin began to be chargeable in 1855, when £3,000 were voted in aid of the building, and in 1856, £3,000, in 1858, £5,000, and in 1860, £5,000.

ELECTRO-DEPOSITS, once confined to small works of Art, are now most successfully employed on the largest castings intended for the decoration of gardens, &c. An excellent specimen, by Franchi and Son, is placed in the hall leading to the lecture theatre of the South Kensington Museum; it is a reproduction of the pedestal or foot of a standard in the Place of St. Mark, Venice, and has all the boldness and grandeur of the original, which is a remarkable design, exceedingly characteristic of the gorgeous tastes of the old Venetians. There is no difference to the eye between this cast and the wrought original, so effectively has the work been done in every part. It stands nearly twelve feet in height, and, with another, is intended to hold flag-staffs, after the manner of the originals, when the new Exhibition building is finished.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.—This collection, which may properly be considered as the nucleus of a National Museum of Architectural Art, and which has been one of the most useful to all employed in the enrichments which that branch of the Arts requires, is now established on a somewhat new footing at the South Kensington Museum—one which may be advantageous to each,

but which must greatly depend on the "continuance of a right understanding on both sides," as the managing committee word it in their recent report. The difficulty, hitherto, has been the mastership of the collection. The body who really own it have merely placed it in the galleries at South Kensington; but have objected to any interference on the part of the officials there. They had, in fact, merely accepted the use of the space allotted for their exhibition; hence they received "notice to quit" in March, 1860; but after some considerable time an arrangement has been entered into, by which the collection remains on loan to the Kensington Museum, whose officers desire to found, themselves, a Museum of Universal Architecture, under their own control. The specimens lent will be labelled separately, and may be reclaimed by a twelve-month's notice, and placed in any other situation. The Architectural Museum will therefore be no longer its own custodian, but it will have the advantage of the larger collection to be formed; a right of admission for its members to all the advantages of the lectures and galleries there; a voice in the purchase and acceptance of future specimens; and thus being saved the expense of curatorships and purchases, its funds will be set more free towards its development as a school of architectural art, in lectures, prizes, and teaching. The committee have issued a prospectus of prizes to be awarded in 1862 to all Art workmen, whether members of the Museum or not. They consist of two prizes of ten guineas and five guineas for a stone bas-relief, and of five guineas and three guineas for a stone capital showing the best arrangement of hawthorn and ash foliage. Two other prizes for the best clay model; the same for the best ornamental panel in lime or other soft wood. Metal workers are invited to copy a portion of the scroll-work in St. Paul's Cathedral in hammered iron, for which two prizes of ten guineas and six guineas are offered; and the same for the best Gothic, or Renaissance, wrought-iron door-handle. A prize of five guineas for the best floriated roundel in painted glass, and another of the same value for "coloured decoration" applied to a mediæval statue. In addition to all this, prizes of one guinea, and upwards, are offered for any actual work, wholly or partially finished, in any of these branches, as an encouragement to artisans. The most meritorious of such works may also form a contribution to the International Exhibition of 1862.

BUST OF CHARLES I.—There is in the possession of Mr. Pratt, of Bond Street, a very remarkable bust of Charles I., which is believed to be the veritable work of Bernini for which Van Dyck painted the front face and two profiles, for the sculptor to work from. There is at Windsor Castle a bust, said to be the original, but the engraving from that work does not in anywise resemble the cast of features painted by Van Dyck. On looking at the profile of the bust there is a remarkable stoop, that the sculptor could not have got from Van Dyck's heads; it is, therefore, probable that, besides these paintings, there were also sketches sent to Rome. There is no mistaking the features, so like are they to those of Van Dyck's portrait. The sculptor seems, indeed, to have hit the spirit of Van Dyck, so free, so broad and life-like is his work. In the Windsor bust the face is oval, and the hair does not flow on to the shoulders, but in this work it rolls down in ample tresses. It is cast in a mixture of many metals, but the metal is covered—rough cast, it may be called—with coarse sand, which makes it very like a carving out of a piece of very coarse sandstone. Bernini kept the bust long in hand, his reason for which was that he worked at it with much reluctance, because the unhappy cast of the features impressed him painfully, and he is reported to have expressed a conviction that the life of the king would not terminate naturally. When the bust was sent to this country, the king, with some attendants, went to Chelsea to see it, where it was placed in the open air that it might be the better examined. While the party were inspecting it, a hawk, with a partridge that he had struck, flew into the garden, and some of the blood of the dying bird fell on the neck of the bust, and this being considered an evil omen it was laid aside—so says tradition. The bust was the property of Mr. Horace Palmer; it was found amongst a quantity of lumber at Urlingham House, Fulham.

REVIEWS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A. N. WELBY PUGIN, AND HIS FATHER, AUGUSTUS PUGIN; with Notices of their Works. By BENJAMIN FERRY, Architect, F.R.I.B.A. With an Appendix by E. SHERIDAN PURCELL, Esq. Published by E. STANFORD, London.

This work, which has been some time announced, does not seem to justify the result anticipated from it, and has already called forth some demurrer on the part of the friends of the younger Pugin. One writer who protests against it says—"These *Recollections* and *Appendix* have too much the impress of proceeding from a joint publishing company, and with a view to pick my poor friend's bones. I, knowing the working of it all, must plainly express my sorrow at the proceedings."

Without being able to settle any of the disputed points, which have chiefly a personal reference, for we knew neither of the Pugins except in their professional character, we yet think there is much in the volume which might have been omitted without injury to the subjects of the memoir; in truth, such omissions would prove rather judicious than otherwise.

Comparatively few pages only are devoted to a notice of the elder Pugin, who was principally known as a skilful architectural draughtsman, and was one of the early members of the Old Water-Colour Society, of which he was elected an associate in 1808. By his drawings of ancient Gothic buildings, and by his various published works on the same subject, such as the "Examples of Gothic Architecture," "Ornamental Timber Gables," &c., he drew public attention to the architecture of the Middle Ages, and thus cleared the way for what has since been done, and what is now doing, in the promotion of that style of constructive Art; while to the characteristic talents of both his parents—for the mother seems to have been a remarkable woman—may be traced some of the peculiarities observable in the genius of their son; and to the latter, probably, the change which took place in his religious sentiments; for, having been brought up in the strict observances of Calvinistic doctrine—his mother being a follower of Edward Irving—he renounced in after life his faith, and went over to the Romish church. As this circumstance had no small influence on the professional career of Welby Pugin, and people attributed his conversion solely to his feeling of respect for the externals of worship, the splendour of ceremonials, and the magnificence of ancient ecclesiastical architecture, it may be as well to hear his reply to the charge. He admits that the study of ancient Art and the acquisition of "liturgical knowledge" prepared his mind for the adoption of new religious views:—"With what delight did I trace the fitness of each portion of those glorious edifices to the rites for whose celebration they had been erected! Then did I discover that the service I had been accustomed to attend and admire was but a cold and heartless remnant of past glories, and that those prayers which, in my ignorance, I had ascribed to reforming piety, were in reality only scraps plucked from the solemn and perfect offices of the ancient church. Pursuing my researches among the faithful pages of the old chronicles, I discovered the tyranny, apostasy, and bloodshed by which the new religion had been established, the endless strifes, dissensions, and discord that existed among its propagators, and the dissension and ruin that attended its progress. Opposed to all this, I considered the Catholic church, existing with uninterrupted apostolical succession, handing down the same faith, sacraments, and ceremonies unchanged, unaltered through every clime, language, and nation. For upwards of three years did I earnestly pursue the study of this all-important subject, and the irresistible force of truth penetrating my heart, I gladly surrendered my own fallible judgment to the unerring decisions of the church, and embracing with heart and soul its faith and discipline, became an humble, but I trust faithful, member."

Without questioning the sincerity of Pugin's convictions, or entering upon polemical discussion, may we not remark what an oblique view he took of the history of Romanism and Protestantism respectively. He saw in the latter "tyranny, apostasy, and bloodshed, strifes, dissensions, and discord," but could find none of these evils as ever existing in the united, holy, and self-sacrificing church of Rome: there purity, serenity, gentleness, and brotherly love always existed; "the same faith, sacraments, and ceremonies unchanged" from the days when St. Peter received the keys of the great universal Christian church down to his own time. Why, if the apostle were again on the earth to see the church built on his foundations, as it assumes to be, would he recognise therein one single stone of his

own fashioning and laying? What illogical reasoning is there in this defence of perversion, and what strange hallucinations of mind must men suffer that are led away by palpable contradictions of facts! Even his biographer, whom we do not accuse of having any tendency towards Romanism—though the book seems, perhaps from its very nature, to incline thitherwards—says, "Had he, however, remained in the church of his birth, what a noble field would have been open to him in the restoration of those ancient churches and cathedrals with whose beauty he was so familiar!" To which let us add, if he had continued therein, how much higher would have been the opinion entertained of his unbiased judgment and practical good sense.

It cannot, however, be denied by the most uncompromising opponent of Romanism that the Catholic church was the great patron of Art of every kind; even the Art of to-day owes its greatest achievements to that of centuries long past. Mr. Purcell says, in his "Appendix" to this volume—"Pugin is severe on the ignorance and incapacity of the modern artisan. Silver and iron-smiths were in former times artists, and often great artists too; but in this enlightened age of mechanics' institutes and scientific societies, if you go, he contends, to a smith with a piece of work not of the ordinary stamp, the vacant stare of the miserable mechanic speedily convinces you that the turning-up of a horse-shoe is the extent of his knowledge in the mysteries of the smithy; and even the capital hand of the establishment, if he be sufficiently clever to comprehend your meaning, will tell you that what you want is quite out of his line. The true mechanics' institute, the oldest and best, is the church. Under her guidance at least, he contends, the minds of the operatives were not poisoned with infidel and radical doctrines. 'The church,' says Pugin, at the conclusion of his first lecture—"On the True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture"—"was the great and never-failing school in which all the great artists of the days of faith were formed. Under her tuition they devoted the most wonderful efforts of their skill to the glory of God; and let our prayer ever be," he continues, "that the church may again, as in days of old, cultivate the talents of her children to the advancement of religion, and the welfare of their own souls, for, without such results, talents are vain, and the greatest efforts of Art sink to the level of abomination."

Had Welby Pugin lived to our day, with what *esprit de corps* on behalf of Gothic would he have entered into the "Battle of the Styles," as it is now being waged. Mr. Purcell enters the lists for him, and contends against much of the architectural work that has sprung up within the last few years, and is still going on; the shams and realities designated by Mr. Ruskin as "architectural falsehoods." "We are not cosmopolitans," remarks Mr. Purcell, "why, therefore, banker after the bastard Greek nondescript style, which has ravaged so many of the most interesting cities of Europe, and forget our own land and our own national architecture, which has so many claims to our reverence and love? It is needless to remark how the great artist"—meaning Pugin—"laments that England is losing her venerable garb, and exchanging her ancient variety for dull and monotonous uniformity. Apollo terraces, factory chimneys, government preaching-houses, Zion chapels, Bethel meetings, New Connections, and socialist halls, were to him like the seven plagues of Egypt. He ridiculed the ostentation and vulgarity of our street architecture, where the linendraper's shop apes the palace of the Cæsars, and the cigar divan, with its Turkish look, is a vile burlesque of Eastern architecture. The white-washer, the grainer, the Roman cement man, come in for their share of well-merited castigation." Mr. Purcell, like Pugin, takes, we think, but a one-sided view of matters—looking less at the requirements and condition of the present time than at the Art-character he desires to see as part of our social system. There is indeed much in this we would have altered, but Gothic marts of commerce, and gable-ended, half-timbered houses projecting over the pathways of the Strand, Fleet Street, Cornhill, and other arteries of our great city, excluding air and light, though highly picturesque, would, we suspect, find little favour in the eyes of the district surveyor, and far less in those of the shopkeeper and foot-passenger. Still, buildings have recently been erected in the metropolis that show there is no necessity for sacrificing architectural beauty to convenience, and that stone and brick are not altogether superseded by lath and plaster.

Notwithstanding there is much in this book that is readable and amusing—supposing all therein stated be fact, which is matter of dispute—it is yet a disappointing volume, considering the man of whom it speaks chiefly. The younger Pugin, though eccentric, was a highly-gifted man; his professional career was extensive, and the works

executed by him were most numerous; we should have been pleased to have been told something about them beyond a mere catalogue: more about his architecture, and less of his religious and political sentiments, where these were not strictly interwoven with his Art. Many of the pages are occupied by the latter, which would have been more generally profitable if appropriated to the former. Mr. Purcell pays a well-merited compliment to the genius and conscientiousness of his hero, whose last affliction and comparatively early death were deeply lamented by every lover of ecclesiastical architecture.

TRAVIATA. Engraved by G. S. SHURY, from the picture by F. BIARD. Published by MOORE, McQUEEN, & Co., London.

The prestige of a publishing firm, whether of Art or literature, is, with many, some guarantee for the excellence of whatever it sends out: as, therefore, the names which appear on this print as the publishers are new to most of our readers, we presume, it will only be right to state they are the successors of Mr. Gambart, who has retired from this branch of business in their favour.

'Traviata' is one of their earliest speculations; it is not a work of high character as a subject, but the pleasing manner in which it is brought forward cannot fail to render it acceptable; we are unable, however, to trace the connection between the treatment and the title of 'Traviata,' as the latter has come before the public through the opera of the same name. M. Biard has represented the figure as an Eastern lady, cradled in a network of embroidery, suspended in a way and in a place not clearly intelligible; at her side is a table covered with smoking paraphernalia, vases, &c.: the entire composition has about it an air of Eastern magnificence and abandon most striking, but, to us, scarcely comprehensible.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF THE BEST SONGS AND LYRICAL POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Selected and arranged with Notes by FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Published by MACMILLAN and Co., London and Cambridge.

Mr. Palgrave has made his selection with taste, judgment, and discrimination, but it certainly contains only some of the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language, and not all, as the title of his small volume almost assumes; possibly the limits he ascribed to himself as defining lyric poetry may have led to the exclusion of names we should have looked for; but even this would not apply to all whom we find omitted. The great poets are well represented—Burns, Byron, Campbell, Gray, Keats, Milton, Walter Scott, Shakspeare, Shelley, and Wordsworth, the last more profusely than any other; but surely Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Tighe, Letitia Landon, Crabbe, John Malcolm, and many others, wrote something worthy to be included among the "best" lyrics in our language. The fact is, the last half century has produced so many admirable compositions of this kind, by known and unknown writers, that to gather them all together, would result in a tolerably bulky volume. Mr. Palgrave's selection is admirable as far as it goes, and makes a very pleasant pocket companion. The introductory remarks and notes are good; but their value, especially in the latter case, is comparatively lost by their being placed at the end of the book, instead of the pages on which the poems are printed. There should at least have been reference figures to direct the attention of the reader to the notes at the end.

GLEANINGS IN GRAVEYARDS. A Collection of Curious Epitaphs, collated, compiled, and edited by HORATIO E. NORFOLK. Second Edition. Published by J. R. SMITH, London.

It is quite clear that in this country there should be a public censor of monumental inscriptions, if the powers vested in the clergy and the churchwardens are not sufficient to exclude absurdity and irreverence from the resting-place of the dead. Mr. Norfolk's "Meditations among the Tombs" must have called forth thoughts and feelings differing widely from those which induced the good divine, Harvey, to indite his well-known work bearing this title; and it is strange that in a country of such religious profession as our own, the churchyard should so often prove the excitement to mirth and laughter instead of serious, pleasant reflection; that above the green turf and wild flowers growing at the feet of the wanderer there should meet his eye, to remind him of the sleepers beneath, the quaint, humorous, and, oftentimes, almost blasphemous, record of the dead.

Had the author of this book published it with the sole view of attracting public attention to the necessity of some censorship over the literature of

the graveyard, he could scarcely have got together a more overwhelming mass of evidence in favour of such a measure. This, however, was not his object; the task was undertaken in the hope that while this collection of epitaphs "may afford amusement to all, it will not prove offensive to any, nor fail to convey the salutary lesson that a healthy smile may be elicited from the homely record of human woe." That it will often call forth smiles is unquestionable, though we may presume to doubt their "healthiness" in a moral sense; a smile of pity ought naturally to follow the reading of much that is found here, and one can only marvel at the taste and the ignorance that combines the register of the departed with the humours of the jester.

Our demurrer is not against Mr. Norfolk nor his amusing book, for most amusing it is, of its kind. He has gleaned from the churchyards of the United Kingdom a multitude of epitaphs in prose and poetry, which cannot but interest: some are of distant date, some so recent as to show the schoolmaster has not yet penetrated everywhere. Only, or chiefly, those remarkable for their singularity, facetiousness, or wit, are introduced; very few are of a contrary character. We would recommend him, by way of a set-off to these qualities, to collect materials from our places of sepulture of epitaphs equally remarkable for poetic grace, beauty of expression, and holy faith; epitaphs which may fittingly describe the Christian character and the Christian's final hope. There is no lack of these, either in the gorgeous cathedral or where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

TOURISTS' GUIDES. SCOTLAND—THE ENGLISH LAKES—KENT—SUSSEX. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

The first-mentioned of these excellent guide-books has now reached the fifteenth edition; the second of them has advanced to the eleventh: need anything else be said by way of commendation? The facts supply their own commentary, leaving us nothing to state but what would, under the circumstances, be superfluous. They who, not hitherto requiring such works, may not have seen them, should understand that for abundant, yet by no means superfluous, information, accuracy of statement, and excellence of arrangement, combined with convenience of size, legible type, and careful printing, these volumes respectively are just what the tourist would desire to have. Both are amply and prettily illustrated, and have numerous maps.

The "Kent" guide, which now makes its first appearance, we assume, may worthily take its place beside the others: nearly five hundred pages are devoted to the exploration and description of this picturesque county, most appropriately called "The Garden of England," and whose historical associations are second to none in the kingdom, as the deeds of the "men of Kent" under the banner of the White Horse have often testified. Nowhere will the lover of rich, home scenery, the antiquary, or the artist, find a more inexhaustible field wherein "to expatiate and roam at large," than amid its beautiful valleys, wooded uplands, and verdant lanes; its venerable ruins, ancient churches, and domestic edifices; its acres of ground covered in spring-time with blossoms of every hue, and in summer and autumn with fruits pleasant to the eye and grateful to the taste. Well did Douglas Jerrold say—"We feel a something old, strong, stubborn, hearty; a something for the intense meaning of which we have no other word than 'English,' rising about us from every road in Kent." With Messrs. Black's book to show the way and point out the most important "sights," what a month of delight, wind and weather permitting, might a pedestrian spend there during the present September.

From Kent to the adjoining county of Sussex, is but a natural transition for the traveller who has time to extend his tour. Sussex is not without interest, though it must yield to its larger and more easterly neighbours: there are some fine old churches and other antiquities worthy investigation, all of which, with the best way of reaching them, are set forth in this "handy" little guide.

BONCHURCH. From a Drawing by T. M. RICHARDSON. Published by MOORE, McQUEEN, and Co., London.

A chromo-lithographic print of one of the most picturesque spots in the Isle of Wight, after a warm, sunny sketch, of which it seems to be a facsimile, so well imitated are the touch and texture: the colour also, is fresh, solid, and harmonious. Really, with such prints as these, procurable at an exceedingly moderate price, there is no reason why every householder of moderate means should not have his "private gallery of pictures."

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